



No. 642.—Vol. L.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



FROM CHORUS TO LEAD: MISS MABEL GREEN, WHO IS PLAYING MARIE BLANCHE MICHU AT DALY'S.

Miss Mabel Green, who is one of the two leading ladies in "The Little Michus," would seem to have justified Mr. George Edwardes's decision to promote her from the chorus by earning considerable success. Her stage career has been short. She made her first appearance in "The Cherry Girl," at the Vaudeville, and afterwards played in "The Cingalee."

Photograph by Bassano.





London,  
Sunday, May 14.

"WHAT would happen," asked the small boy who was taking his timid mother round the Great Wheel at Earl's Court Exhibition, "if the car we're in got stuck?"

The poor lady, who had steadfastly refused to look out of the window, turned a shade paler.

"How do you mean, darling?" she faltered.

"Why, don't you see that, as we go round, the car keeps hanging level. But suppose it didn't? What would happen then?"

His mother took a seat. "I don't know, darling. Don't suggest anything so dreadful."

"I know," said the small boy, confidently. "We should all be thrown against the side of the car and p'raps go through the glass."

His mother shuddered, and an old gentleman, who was about to add to the enjoyment of the trip by placing a penny in the automatic musical-box, changed his mind, removed his hat, and mopped his forehead with a red handkerchief.

"I dare say," the small boy continued, comfortingly, "we should be able to hang on to one of those iron spars until they got us down. What do you think, sir?"

"Which ones, my lad?" The old gentleman peeped nervously at the complicated framework. We were now nearing the summit.

"Why, those just below us," piped the small boy. "It would be pretty rotten, though, if the next car came and knocked us off. Wouldn't it, Mummy?"

"Very," said his mother, sniffing greedily at her smelling-salts.

"As a matter of fact," added the youngster, "I expect that's what would happen. How would you like to find yourself bouncing down at about a hundred miles an hour, sir?"

"Not at all," said the old gentleman, moving away to the other end of the car. The small boy, however, followed him.

"I expect," he observed, "you would be dead before you got to the bottom. Don't you think so, sir?"

"Very likely, my lad, very likely. Can you see the Indian Village down there?"

"Where? Oh, yes; I see. Wouldn't they be surprised if you suddenly landed on top of one of those johnnies dancing? I shouldn't think he'd dance much after that. D'you think he would, sir?"

The old gentleman frowned, and began to tap the floor of the car with his foot. The small boy, indifferent to these signs of impatience, drew back a little and regarded his travelling-companion's figure with a speculative eye.

"What do you weigh?" he demanded, suddenly.

"Jack," said his mother, "come here!"

Apart from the fascinating personality and romantic ambitions of Mr. Chamberlain, I take very little interest either in politics or politicians. In the daily and weekly papers I am constantly coming across such names as Campbell-Bannerman, Winston Churchill, Wyndham, Arnold-Forster, and so on; but I never read the remarks of these gentlemen, and, to tell you the truth, I rather resent the amount of space devoted to their dull and, apparently, quite unimportant observations. In such a case, I cannot expect to be heard with very much sympathy when I plead with Mr. Balfour to postpone the General Election until, say, August. I confess that my reason for putting forward this request is a purely selfish one, but I feel sure that many others, whose livelihood depends upon engaging the attention of the public, will lend me their strenuous support. For the last four years, the public has been so bothered with matters of vast

national importance, and has been so poor after paying the consequent expenses, that those of us who do not happen to be soldiers or newspaper proprietors have had to stand aside and look on. And now, just as we were hoping to vary the preposition by getting a "look in," the country is to be upset again by a General Election. Hear the prayers of your petitioners, dear Mr. Balfour! Be firm! Do not dissolve until August!

Since writing the above paragraph, several curious and interesting things have happened to me. In the first place, a long, untidy procession has wandered up Northumberland Avenue, headed by a humorous band playing out of tune for fun. The procession, in fact, was half band and half banners. On every banner I read an inscription to the effect that the people carrying it simply insisted on having work. They didn't ask for work, these standard-bearers, or even point out their reasons for desiring work. They just said that they must, should, and would work, and intimated, pretty plainly, that anyone who refused to give them work was a cruel, selfish blackguard, and had better not be seen down Whitechapel way without an armed escort. The effect of this urgent appeal, though, was slightly spoilt when two splendid fellows came along engaged in a fierce argument as to which of them ought to be helping to carry a banner. The one who was actually holding the pole was exceedingly angry with his mate because he simply marched alongside with his hands in his pockets. He told him all sorts of private things about his present, his past, and his future. He also referred in scathing terms to his friend's parentage. The mate, for his part, merely kept his hands in his pockets and talked back. And the banner, all this time, was clamouring, in large white letters on a red ground, for WORK and plenty of it.

Then somebody called to have tea with me, and to tell my fortune by my hand. In earlier life I have said hard things about palmistry and about those who practise it. Now, oddly enough, I am quite converted. Not that this palmist flattered me. No. I was told that I was extremely artistic, that I ought to play the violin, that I should be twice married, that there would be three or four other love-affairs intervening, that I was very clever, that I should live to be one-hundred-and-four, that a great deal of money would come to me before long, that I should end my days in the lap of luxury, that people were very nice to me yet not half so nice as they should be, that I was affectionate, unselfish, generous, and chivalrous. There was no charge. Altogether, I thought I had done pretty well—for a Sunday.

I came across an article in a daily paper a day or two ago called "Learning Languages by Telephone." The heading rather startled me, and I began to wonder whether the writer of that article had ever called me up on the telephone when he, or she, had nothing particular to say. Under such circumstances, I do not think people should be surprised if they learn languages. How often is a busy man compelled to put aside his work to take his senseless part in a conversation of this sort?—

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!"

"Is that you?"

"Yes. How are you?"

"Very well, thanks. How are you?"

"Very well, thanks." (A pause.)

"You got home all right the other night, then?"

"Yes, thanks."

"Good." (A pause.) "Well, so long, old man."

"So long." (R-r-r-r-r-ng!)



MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S RETURN TO MODERN DRAMA:

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



Ralph Cleaver



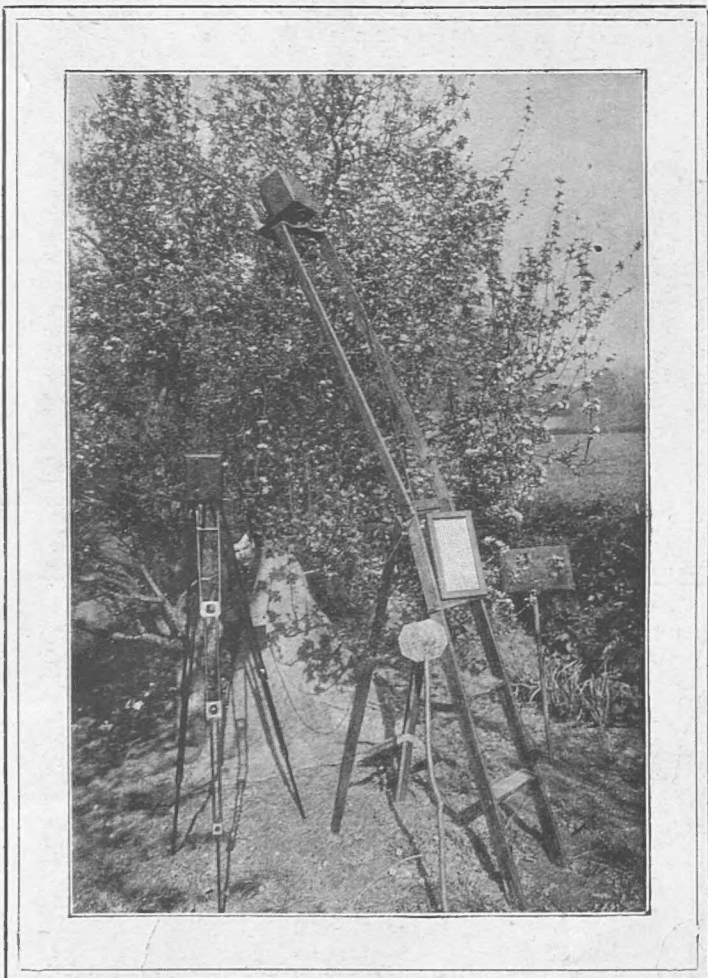
## THE CLUBMAN.

*Motor-Cars and their Drivers—The Union Jack Club.*

IT seems to me that Baltic Fleets and Fiscal Questions have just now quite retired into the background for conversational purposes, in favour of motor-cars and the pace they should be driven at, which subjects every man, whether he owns a motor-car or does not, considers himself eminently qualified to give an opinion upon. The men who are the most deeply irritated against the "road hogs" who scorch to the danger of humanity and show no respect for the accepted courtesies of the highway are the men who own motor-cars, use them as gentlemen should, and insist on their chauffeurs behaving as reasonable men should behave when in charge of a machine which, wrongly handled, constitutes a public danger.

The owners of cars as a body have brought and are bringing all their influence to bear to prevent the man who owns a car from doing anything which is dangerous or obnoxious to the public, and the "road-hog" owners, who were always a small but very disagreeable minority, are being improved out of existence. The main difficulty, I am sure, is to teach the chauffeurs manners and to persuade them that the public roads are not places on which to show off the paces of their masters' cars to admiring friends.

My own experience is that the odds are ten to one, when a car is recklessly driven, that the chauffeur, away from his master's control, is taking unwarranted liberty with his employer's property, to the public danger. There is no man who stands on the hearth-rug before the fireplace and holds forth for or against motor-cars who has not a tale of some accident to tell, and my contributions on such occasions tend to show that it is the chauffeurs as a class, not their masters, who require to be chastened into good behaviour.



PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS AT CLOSE QUARTERS: APPARATUS USED IN TAKING BIRDS IN THEIR NESTS.

It is hardly necessary to emphasise the difficulties attendant upon photographers desirous of taking negatives of birds actually sitting on their nests, and to overcome these difficulties many ingenious devices have been adopted. Our illustration shows a camera on a telescopic ladder, in position to photograph a nest in the upper branches of an apple-tree. The mirror in the centre of the picture is used for throwing light on to a small mirror, from which it is thrown on to the nest. Beneath the tree is the operator's tent, connected with the shutter of the camera by an indiarubber tube. Some extraordinary examples of the work done by the user of this apparatus appeared in last Friday's issue of "The Illustrated London News."

*Photograph Copyright by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.*

I was instrumental in causing the tracking of a car which was racing through the Hampshire lanes, and which had run over and killed a pet dog, without the occupants of the car taking any notice of the fact. The chauffeur, it appeared, had taken some of the servants out for a drive, unknown to his master, and was showing them how fast the car could travel. Another incident in which a chauffeur was entirely to blame occurred to me in London a week or two ago. Driving dinner-wards in a hansom-cab, I suddenly found myself in violent collision with a motor-car.

The driver of the cab was on the right side of the road, and driving carefully; but from a street at right angles a car dashed out at a tremendous pace, turned in a wide circle, and ran into horse and cab, knocking them sideways some feet. The chauffeur brought his car to a stop, and during the seconds that the carriages were locked together I could see what had happened and why. The chauffeur had taken one of his friends out for a drive, and was showing off for his benefit. The chauffeur backed his car, and then tore off down the street, leaving the cabman with a broken shaft and a horse wild with fright. I gave the cab-driver my card and noted the number of the car upon it, but heard nothing further concerning the incident. It, however, bears out my theory that the immediate necessity for the safety of the public is to weed out mercilessly by depriving of their certificates any chauffeurs who do not prove themselves steady and considerate men on all occasions.

The Union Jack Club is very fortunate in possessing the Prince of Wales as its head. The great concert which has brought in so much grist to the mill was initiated by His Royal Highness, and every detail, down to the selection of the programme to be played by the massed bands, was seen to personally by him. The idea, I believe, first came to the Prince this winter when down at Aldershot for a day. It was his own suggestion that a concert at the Albert Hall might help the Club greatly, and, directly the idea was proved to be feasible, he took all the threads of management into his own hands, telegraphed to Madame Melba, communicated with the regiments of which he is Colonel as to their bands, suggested the form of souvenir, and personally saw to the hundred-and-one tiresome little businesses which every organiser of a charity concert has to undertake.

The success has been monetarily and artistically a great one, and the building of the Club will commence almost at once. I think that the originators of the Club have avoided all the pitfalls which usually open before the feet of those who organise Clubs for soldiers and sailors. There is no suggestion of charity or of an institute about this Club. The subscribers are going to give the men of the Navy and Army a Club-house properly furnished and appointed, and the men are going to manage it and make it a going concern themselves. It will have a refining influence on its members, no doubt, as any good Club has, but there will be no grandmotherly interference with the tastes and pleasures and opinions of those who join it. I have seen such a number of excellent schemes for the benefit of Jack and Tommy fail because their promoters thought that missionary effort and Club-life can be blended, that I am delighted to know that the Union Jack is to be just purely and simply a Club.



A MODERN BROBDINGNAGIAN AND A MODERN LILLIPUTIAN: THE GIANT GEORGE AUGER WITH THE DWARF PAUL OVAL IN HIS COAT-POCKET.

George Auger is 7 feet 10 inches high; Paul Oval about 19 inches.

*Photograph by Julien.*



MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS AND HER FAMILY.



"MISS ELLALINE TERRISS" WITH HER ADOPTED DAUGHTER, MABEL, AND HER BABY DAUGHTER, BETTY.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery.*



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May 17, 1905.

Signature.....





A BRIDE-ELECT: MISS VERE DAWNAY.

Miss Dawnay, niece of Lord Downe and of Lord Grey, is to marry Mr. H. M. Pryce-Jones.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

ably Prince Eitel Fritz, the Kaiser's second son. Princess Victoria Eugénie is even now able to look back to an exceptionally interesting childhood and early girlhood. She was brought up, as it were, at the knees of Queen Victoria, and she is the favourite young companion of the Empress Eugénie, with whom of late years Princess Henry of Battenberg has spent many of her Continental holidays.

#### *The Prince of Wales and Modern Methods of Transit.*

The Prince of Wales is obviously interested in the problems of modern traffic: not only does he emulate his father's liking for the motor-car, but it will be remembered that he drove the first electric-tram from Westminster to that southern suburb which recently rose in its wrath against certain disparaging and unjust remarks made on its taste by Mr. Laurence Irving. Now it is announced that His Royal Highness will inaugurate the London County Council steamboat service on the Thames on the 17th of next month. Truly, a Prince need be a handy-man nowadays.

#### *A New Sussex Hostess.*

The news that the Marquess and Marchioness of Hamilton are to take possession of Coates Castle, the stately Sussex home of the late Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, has much delighted the neighbourhood. Sussex is rich in ducal associations, for his Grace of Richmond reigns at Goodwood, and the Earl Marshal at Arundel. The eldest son of the Duke of Abercorn, though he is little over forty, has had a well-filled life. Beginning his career as a

## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

PRINCESS HENRY of Battenberg has sent out invitations to a dance at Kensington Palace. Many years have gone by since such a festivity graced the quaint and yet palatial rooms where the Hanoverian Kings and Queens spent their not unhappy lives. The dance is, of course, being given in honour of the Royal hostess's young daughter, Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, and amongst those present will be not only the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and his fiancée, who are now paying a visit to the Duchess of Albany, at Claremont, but very prob-

soldier, he has now been in Parliament for five years. Lady Hamilton was a daughter of Lord Lucan; they have three little daughters and a baby son, Lord Paisley, whose birth last year caused much rejoicing at Baronscourt, the Duke of Abercorn's principal seat.

#### *A Bride-Elect.*

Miss Vere Dawnay, the pretty niece of Lord Downe and of Lord Grey, is famed in the

swimming world as having won for three years in succession the champion shield of the Ladies' Bath Club. Herself the daughter of a soldier, she is marrying a Guardsman, Mr. H. M. Pryce-Jones, the younger son of Sir Pryce Pryce-Jones.

#### *Recreations of Members.*

There appears from a recent domestic discussion in the House of Commons to be a great deal of tea-drinking and a great deal of smoking and chess-playing at our Legislature quarters. Members seemed to be very much concerned about the provision for their "creature comforts." One or two were troubled about the library, and a few wanted a larger reading-room, so that they might peruse their own speeches with comfort. Once on a time, complaints were made of the limited accommodation in the House itself, but now there is ample room on the green benches. It is only during the great days of a Gladstone that the House is found too small.



THE ROYAL DÉBUTANTE: PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGÉNIE OF BATTENBERG.

Princess Henry of Battenberg has just arranged a dance in honour of Princess Victoria Eugénie. It is expected that the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and his fiancée will be present, and it is also possible that Prince Eitel Fritz will attend.

Photograph by Hughes and Mullins.

#### *Mr. Chamberlain's Room in the House of Commons.*

Mr. Chamberlain has a small, dark room in the House of Commons. As he is now only a private member, certain Radicals objected to his enjoying this privilege. It has been explained, however, that he obtained the sanctum in virtue of his position as leader of the Liberal-Unionists. Considering the fact that even the Welsh leader is provided with an apartment where he can manage the affairs of his small party, the Unionists think it is ungracious to grudge a similar convenience to a man as distinguished as Mr. Chamberlain.

#### *Another American Love Romance.*

America is indulging in quite a number of love romances at the moment. Quite recently we heard of the wedding of Miss Florence Nesbit, the young actress, and Mr. Harry Thaw, brother of the Countess of Yarmouth, and of the engagement of Miss Rose Harriet Pastor, formerly a cigarette-maker, and Mr. J. Graham-Phelp Stokes, the banker; now it is announced that Mr. E. Whitney, a Montreal contractor, who is said to be worth four millions, has married Miss Annie Bennett, a telephone girl, at Brooklyn. Mrs. Whitney is twenty-three; Mr. Whitney, whose gift to his bride is said to have been twenty thousand pounds, forty-seven years older.



COATES CASTLE, SUSSEX, OF WHICH THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF HAMILTON ARE TO TAKE POSSESSION.

The news that Lord and Lady Hamilton are to enter into possession of the Sussex home of the late Dowager Duchess of Abercorn has been received with considerable local pleasure.

Photograph by Kevis, Petworth.



*Mrs. Gervase Beckett.*

Both as the wife of the distinguished Yorkshireman who, it is widely hoped in the sporting county, will succeed his brother, the new Lord Grimthorpe, as Member for Whitby, and as a sister of young Lord Helmsley, Mrs. Gervase Beckett should prove a most agreeable addition to the great political hostesses of the hour. The only daughter of the late Lord Helmsley, Miss Mabel Duncombe, as she was at the time of her marriage, inherited beauty from both sides of the family. She is a niece of the lovely group of sisters which included the late Duchess of Leinster and Lady Ulrica Baring; and her maternal aunts are the daughters of Theresa, Lady Shrewsbury, now the most important dowager in Society.

*Some June Weddings.* On the first day of June a pretty wedding will be celebrated at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, the bridegroom being Mr. Lumley Cator, and the bride Miss Adeline Blois. On the same day, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Miss Evelyn Crichton will become Mrs. Kenelm Bouverie. On the 6th, Lord Loch and Lady Margaret Compton will be married at the Guards' Chapel; and the same temple of Hymen will witness the nuptials of Captain Royds, of the Scots Guards, and Miss Adela Drummond on the 7th. On the same day, St. Margaret's, Westminster, will see a great



MISS ADELINE BLOIS, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. LUMLEY CATOR.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.*

gathering of political and literary folk, for Sir Charles Dilke's eldest nephew, Mr. Fisher Wentworth Dilke, will be the bridegroom, and Miss Ethel Clifford the bride. Miss Clifford is the eldest daughter of the late Professor W. K. Clifford. Her mother is the well-known novelist-playwright, and lately she herself became a distinguished addition to the small group of contemporary poets.

*The Duchess of Westminster.* The Duchess of Westminster has taken her place amongst the leading London



A POSSIBLE POLITICAL HOSTESS: MRS. GERVASE BECKETT.

Should Mr. Gervase Beckett be elected Member for Whitby, political society will receive an agreeable addition to its hostesses in the person of Mrs. Beckett, who is the only daughter of the late Lord Helmsley.

*After the Painting by Professor Herkomer*

village of Hambleden, too, he will one day inherit. Mr. Smith, who is married to a sister of Lord Arran, and is in this way brother-in-law of Lady Salisbury, was among those Conservative members who did not rally to Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal banner. But, naturally enough, much of his time is taken up with his enormous bookstall business, as well as with Coutts's Bank, in which he is lucky enough to be a partner. Moreover, Lady Esther Smith and himself take a great interest in the removal of King's College Hospital, which was made possible by his princely gift of a

The fact that the young Princess's mother is Russian probably accounts for the determination taken by her in this matter. Be that as it may, the German Emperor has decided that his daughter-in-law is to do nothing to spread a revival of the crinoline, and the Imperial trousseau is strictly innocent of whalebone and of stiffening! Paris dresses all the Continental Courts of Europe, though a prohibitive tariff compels many German ladies of high degree to journey periodically to the "Gay City" in order to avoid paying heavy duties on their frocks and frills.

*In the Country.* It is understood that Mr. "Freddy" Smith

intends to build a large house on his beautiful estate at Moreton Hampstead, which his father bought from the then Lord Devon. The scenery there, just on the edge of Dartmoor, is strikingly wild, and the deep valleys alternating with characteristic tors support a remarkably hardy and healthy peasantry. The furze is so thick thereabouts that it has been poetically compared to an embroidery of gold on velvet of richest green. "Greenlands," Mr. Smith's place at Henley, is hardly big enough for him, although, as an old Oxford "Blue," he has always been devoted to the river. From the neighbouring



MR. LUMLEY CATOR, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS ADELINE BLOIS.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.*

new site at Denmark Hill. Lady Esther is to be numbered among our political hostesses, for she gives several agreeable parties at her house in Grosvenor Place every Season.

*The King of the Belgians and a Rumour.* The King of the Belgians has been the subject of an interesting rumour,

which, like so many rumours attaching to Royalty, has been promptly denied. It was said that His Majesty contemplated a second marriage, the lady being Princess Louise d'Orléans, youngest daughter of the Comtesse de Paris, and sister of the Duc d'Orléans, the Duc de Montpensier, the Duchess of Aosta, and the Duchesse de Guise. There seems very little doubt that the report was circulated in view of King Leopold's recent private visit to the Comtesse de Paris at Villa Manrique, near Seville. The Princess, whose full name is Louise Françoise, was born at Cannes three-and-twenty years ago last February. King Leopold is not only first-cousin to her late father, but would be three years his senior were he now alive.



A LEADING LONDON HOSTESS AND HER DAUGHTER: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AND LADY URSULA GROSVENOR.

The young Duchess of Westminster, who was Miss Shelagh Cornwallis-West, is the mother of two children, Lady Ursula Grosvenor and a baby son, Edward George Hugh, Earl Grosvenor, who was born last year, and to whom King Edward stood sponsor.

*Photograph by Speaight.*

*A Trousseau Tragedy.* It is one of life's little ironies that the trousseau of the future German Empress should be made in Paris, and the news that this is so has aroused great indignation in Berlin.





"THREE ACRES AND A COW":

MR. MARSHALL HALL, K.C., WHOSE OFFER AT A RECENT POLITICAL MEETING HAS BEEN ACCEPTED BY ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

In the course of a speech at Reigate the other day, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P., offered a questioner in the audience three acres and a cow, on condition that he would cultivate the land and milk the cow. The offer was accepted with the greater promptitude in that the questioner was in his younger days an experienced agriculturist.

Photograph by Whitlock.

another of his collecting hobbies is that of old replicas; and he possesses the watch which once graced the fob of the sinister dandy, Robespierre. Of late, Mr. Marshall Hall has taken to motoring, and his Panhard is fitted with the Leander body, which means that in stormy weather the occupants of the car are so completely sheltered from wind, dust, or rain that it has been suggested to the lucky owner that it would be quite possible for him to camp out while making a driving tour.

### Jacques I. and the Turf.

The Belgian Jockey Club will not recognise M. Lebaudy as Emperor or the Sahara, has, indeed, claimed the fee of eight pounds it exacts for



A BRIDE OF 96: MRS. FRANCIS VINCENT, FORMERLY MRS. ANNIE HARVEY.

Mrs. Annie Harvey, a widow of ninety-six, married Mr. Francis Russell Vincent, a widower of eighty-six, at Penzance the other day. Both bride and bridegroom are natives of West Cornwall, but are said to have known one another for a few weeks only. Mr. Vincent is one of the pensioners of the Bristol Gasworks.

Photograph by "Typical."

Mr. Marshall Hall, whose offer of three acres and a cow, made at a recent political meeting, has been accepted by the member of the audience to whom it was addressed, is, from every point of view, a very interesting man. His triumphs at the Bar are well known, and fortunate is the guilty person who has this genial K.C. on his side. His Party owes him not a little, for at the last General Election he was victor in one of the keenest of contests—that which raged at Southport. Like most successful barristers, he finds time to have many hobbies. He is a lover of enamels, and his delightful town-house is full of fine works of art collected by himself, for he is a frequent bidder both at the great and small sales. Yet

### The Opinions of Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald.

Vice-Admiral Charles Cooper Penrose Fitzgerald, whose paper in the *Deutsche Revue* concerning the British and German Navies has been construed by some as a threat of this country to make war on Germany if the Kaiser persists in strengthening his Fleet, is on the retired list and, therefore, does not come within the rating powers of the Admiralty, as he would assuredly do otherwise in view of what must be regarded as, at least, a singularly undiplomatic expression of opinion. The matter is the more regrettable in that he did his country's work well for a considerable number of years; born in Cork-berg, County Cork, just over four-and-fifty years ago, he was educated



A THREATENER OF INTERNATIONAL AMITY: VICE-ADMIRAL PENROSE FITZGERALD.

Vice-Admiral Fitzgerald's expression of his opinion, in the *"Deutsche Revue,"* that the reorganisation of the British Fleet was necessitated by the growth of the German Navy, that Germany is England's friend only in her prosperity, and that it would, therefore, be better if war were to break out to-morrow rather than in years to come when Germany's Fleet will have grown stronger still, has caused considerable sensation, both here and abroad. The Vice-Admiral is on the retired list.

Photograph by Russell.



SOUTH AFRICA'S FIRST STATUE OF KING EDWARD: MR. GOSCOMBE JOHN'S PRESENTMENT OF HIS MAJESTY ON THE GRAND PARADE, CAPE TOWN.

Mr. Goscombe John's statue of King Edward, which was unveiled recently by Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson, holds an excellent position in front of the new City Hall. It shows the King as Field-Marshal of the British Army, is of heroic proportions, and was wrought from a block of Carrara marble weighing twenty tons. It was purchased by public subscription, the Government supplying the pedestal.

Photograph by W. F. Clarke.

Japan's representatives on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, but he was educated at the Greenwich Naval College, and served for a time as midshipman on the *Iron Duke*, then on the China Station and the flagship of Admiral Coote. He is now an Admiral of the Japanese Navy, is regarded as thoroughly fitted to the rank he holds, and is a "G.C.B." The fact that the Princess and himself have been especially invited to occupy York House during their visit to England is as pleasing to the Emperor and his Government as it is to the people of this country. York House, St. James's Palace, it will be noted, is by way of becoming an Imperial "guest house" since it was vacated by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Has London a New King? We must revise our notions as to the position of London and the Government of this country. "After the service," says the *Cork Constitution*, "the wedding-party returned to luncheon at —, and then Mr. and Mrs. — left in a motor, en route for London, which was kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. —."

### Prince Arisugawa.

Prince Takihito Arisugawa will not find his stay in this country a new experience: not only was he one of



A JAPANESE PRINCE HONOURED BY THE KING: H.I.H. PRINCE ARISUGAWA.

Their Imperial Highnesses Prince and Princess Arisugawa of Japan, who are to represent their country at the wedding of the German Crown Prince, will stay at York House, St. James's Palace, during their visit to England after the ceremony at Berlin, the King having placed the royal "guest house" at their disposal on hearing that their Highnesses intended to stay at an hotel.



### Our Royal and Imperial Visitors.

This seems likely to be a record Season as regards Royal visits to England. The long series has begun pleasantly with the arrival at Claremont of Prince Fritz, the German Emperor's second son, and the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and his pretty *fiancée*—who is, by the way, a niece of the German Empress. Then, as we note elsewhere, the coming of Prince and Princess Arisugawa to London is heralded. The King of Spain's visit will be signalled by a number of great entertainments by the leading London hostesses. Several private Royal visits are also in contemplation; London has, indeed, become the playground of Princes, and often entertains crowned heads unawares.

### The Prince of Wales's Corot.

The Corot landscape of apparently doubtful authenticity which was among the pictures generously presented to the Modern Art Gallery of Dublin by the Prince of Wales is still causing a good deal of discussion. It would appear that the picture by Meszoly in the Budapest Gallery is not only like the supposed Corot, but uncannily like it. The Royal gift in question is said to have been examined in 1888 by a number of experts, who declared that it must have been painted by Corot when he was a boy working under his first master, Michalon. Sir Walter Armstrong, in his position as Director of the Irish National Gallery, chose it as a genuine Corot for a temporary loan collection in Dublin. It will thus be seen that there is something to be said both for and against the Prince's gift.

### Lord Balcarras: "Painter and Glazier."

Lord Balcarras, who represents the Office of Works in the House of Commons, and is thus, as Lord Rosebery once described himself, a painter and glazier, is one of the most suave, courteous, and popular of members. He is also one of the handsomest, with trim figure, straight shoulders, refined, reticent face, and dark hair. He is an easy, graceful speaker, and is sure to rise in the political world. Although he has been a member for ten years, he is yet only four-and-thirty.

### Singing His Own Requiem.

The resources of science are equal to anything nowadays, or the strange experience of hearing a man sing at his own funeral would not be possible. Not long ago, there died in Ireland a man who was not only a successful merchant, but also an amateur singer with a very fine baritone voice. He was always anxious that his funeral should be an artistic success, and so, some time ago, he sang a requiem into



THE JAPANESE TOMMY ATKINS'S "PADRE": A BUDDHIST PRIEST.

Three Buddhist priests are attached to each Division of 15,000 men in the Japanese Army. Their chief duty in time of war is to hold burial-services.

a phonograph and kept the record for his own obsequies. By the terms of his will, the record and the phonograph were taken into the church at his funeral and placed beside his bier, and those at the ceremony had the weird experience of hearing the voice of the dead man singing his requiem.

### The Accident to Mrs. Laycock.

Many well-known people in Society heard with deep concern last week of the terrible accident which befell Mrs. Joseph Laycock when motor-ing with her husband in the neighbourhood of Versailles. The unfortunate lady is a niece of Lord Listowel, and, as a girl, was



THE TERRIBLE MOTORING ACCIDENT NEAR PARIS: MRS. LAYCOCK (FORMERLY MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE).

Mrs. Laycock, who met with so terrible an accident while motoring near Paris, will be remembered as one of the chief figures in a cause célèbre when she was Marchioness of Downshire. Her husband, Major Joseph Frederick Laycock, D.S.O., of the 3rd County of London Imperial Yeomanry, is a well-known sportsman, is interested in the Turf and in yachting, and owned and rode in the winning car in the first Paris-Berlin motor-race.

Photograph by Lafayette.

one of the loveliest débutantes of her year. Major and Mrs. Laycock have long been very fond of motoring, and they own one of the finest Mercédès cars ever built. The country round Versailles is not only very picturesque, far more so than the stately old town itself would lead any stranger to suppose, but it is famed for its remarkably good roads. On the other hand, there are many steep descents, especially in that wooded belt which approaches the Seine, and which is filled with romantic memories of Madame du Barri and of the last Kings and Queens of France.

### The King and his Artillery.

His Majesty's keen and practical interest in questions concerning the Navy and Army was again in evidence on Saturday of last week, when he inspected Batteries of both the Horse and Field Artillery which he ordered to parade before him at Buckingham Palace. The Batteries in question mark the first stage in the re-armament of our Artillery, and are to be consigned to India. On the occasion of His Majesty's inspection they were fully horsed and manned.

### Actresses as Authors.

Certain of our own actresses, and of those actresses of other nations whose visits here are always welcome, are evidently determined to shine in the world of letters as brightly as they shine behind the footlights. We are reminded by the *Telegraph* that Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who has just been elected an Associate of the Société des Gens de Lettres, cannot become a full member of that institution until she has published four volumes, but that she has already issued "Impressions of a Chair," an account of her first voyage in a balloon, a one-Act piece entitled "L'Aveu," and the memoirs which have been appearing serially in English and French, and that she has several novels in manuscript. At the same time, we are told that Madame Calvé, who will be seen at the Waldorf in a few days' time, has written the libretto for an opera, which is to be called "Nile," and which will probably be composed by Mr. Isidore de Lara. Miss Clara Morris is almost, if not quite, as well known as actress as she is as actress; has not an adaptation of Miss Rhoda Broughton's "Belinda," by Miss Rosina Filippi, just been produced; and has not Miss Elizabeth Robins just added "A Dark Lantern" to her successful novels?



## THE LATEST STAGE NAPOLEON.



## MR. CYRIL MAUDE IN "THE CREOLE."

Mr. Cyril Maude is running Mr. Louis N. Parker's one-Act Play, "The Creole," before "Everybody's Secret." Mr. Maude, who makes up after Guérin's Napoleon, signified his appreciation of our artist's drawing by appending the autograph here shown to the original.

*Drawn, at a special sitting, by F. Ernest Jackson.*

*I think it is perfectly excellent.*  
*Yours sincerely*  
*Cyril Maude*



## MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I HAVE always been an advocate of free-trade in amusements, and the laws that regulate our style and hours of entertainment have seemed wearisome or ridiculous to me. But, since I took up a Sunday paper a few days ago and beguiled the tedium of a long railway-journey by reading it from end to end, I have concluded that some restrictions upon pleasure-seeking are needed. If the paper's report was a true one, it would seem that fashionably dressed women formed a large part of the audience at the Old Bailey during the recent trial of two men for the murder of some old people in the East-End! It is an extraordinary fact that no criminal trial is sufficiently revolting to keep a certain class of people away if by hook or crook they can gain admittance. I suppose that Max Nordau or Cæsare Lombroso could explain the exact condition of degeneration that prompts people to attend Criminal Courts and follow the procedure with unflagging interest. Probably there is something in common with the mood that draws thousands of women to the revolting sights of the Plaza de Toros in Spain. But it is clear that Legislature has a little responsibility in the matter and that people are not yet ready for the free-trade before-mentioned.

*The Growth of Suburbia.* Our publicists assure us that the national birth-rate is dwindling, that we are likely to follow the bad example of our neighbours across the Channel who have set their faces against large families. If this be true, how are we to account for the growth of Suburbia? From my carriage-window I see that London is spreading on all sides: north, south, east, and west she breaks out into miles of more or less attractive villadom; where the train goes the villas follow. Where there were fields and woods only a few years ago, the jerry-builder has set up his standard and crowds flock to it. I suppose there are hundreds of streets and countless thousands of houses within a twenty-mile radius of St. Paul's to-day, that had no existence when Queen Victoria kept her first Jubilee. If ours is a dwindling population, where do all the tenants of these places come from, and why does the value of land continue to rise? Rural exodus won't serve for an explanation, for Hodge does not move from his fields to rent a little villa and go every day to the City.

*Sherborne Pageant.* Just twelve hundred years ago next month, Saint Ealdhelm founded the Town, Bishopric, and School of Sherborne in the pleasant county of Dorsetshire, and to celebrate the worthy Saint's benevolent action the authorities of Sherborne are arranging a Folk Play, or Historical Pageant. Messrs. Louis N. Parker, James Rhoades, and Walter Raymond are chiefly responsible for the production, which will be given in the grounds of Sherborne Castle, and will consist of twelve episodes, employing the services of seven hundred people. There is so much that is interesting in our national history, so much that calls for a memorial and never gets one, that students of the early and mediæval records of England must wish the Sherborne authorities good luck, even if they are not able to reach the Dorsetshire town between the twelfth and fifteenth of June. The Folk-Lore Society is interesting itself to make the undertaking a success, and a visit to Sherborne in June would be worth making

under any circumstance, for the country then is at its very best and brightest, and few know more about Wessex than Mr. Hardy has taught us in his famous books.

*Fleet Insurance.* Lord Ellenborough's paper, read last week at the Royal United Service Institution, is a sensible and timely contribution to a subject of serious interest. In the first place, he seeks to muzzle the Press effectively in time of war, in order that no paper of the baser sort may publish news that would be likely to embarrass the authorities. He points out the danger that attends even peaceful reviews at Spithead, when, if we had a sudden and resolute enemy, a torpedo-boat attack might reduce our naval supremacy to pulp. He advocates the establishment in permanent quarters at the Admiralty of some responsible officers, and the connection of railway-telegraphs with Admiralty and naval bases throughout the night and on Saturdays and Sundays. British-born pilots are also asked for. These be wise and reasonable demands to which none can take exception.

*Imperial Disabilities.* "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," remarked Shakspeare, or Bacon, some centuries ago, and the years have not lessened the truth of the statement. One of the disadvantages attached to kingship is the danger of speaking at random. You and I may say what we think, and nobody minds very much; but, if reporters were waiting to commit our every utterance to writing, we should soon be in a bad way—in fact, we should be driven to think before we spoke. So long ago as the beginning of March, Kaiser William addressed some naval recruits at Wilhelms-haven, and, if one may say so without *lèse-majesté*, he seems to have spoken "through his hat." He remarked that the Japanese were a "heathen nation" and a "scourge of God," like Attila and Napoleon. Doubtless, the Kaiser had taken a proper estimate of his audience, and that sort of talk suited them very well indeed; but now a German religious paper, the *Evangelische Kirchenzeitung*, has been so unwise as to commit the utterances to cold print, and they don't look at all well there. There are only two possible explanations. Either the reporters misunderstood the War Lord, or his remarks have an esoteric meaning of their own that common people who are not naval recruits may not hope to understand. Doubtless either solution of the problem will suffice Japan.

*A Yarn* I heard a story about the Kaiser a few nights ago that is not the less amusing because it is probably *non vera ma ben trovata*. They say there was a lunch at one of the Berlin Embassies, and that the Kaiser had honoured it with his Imperial presence. An English diplomat sitting within hearing was discussing some big affair of the moment with a lady, and in course of conversation praised one of the people most concerned for his prompt and resolute action. "As our immortal William has observed," remarked the diplomat, "there is a tide in the affairs of man that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." The Kaiser looked puzzled. "That is quite true," he remarked, "but I don't remember saying it."



MR. CHOATE'S PARTING GIFT TO SOUTHWARK: THE MEMORIAL WINDOW TO JOHN HARVARD, FOUNDER OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, ERECTED IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.

The window in memory of John Harvard, which has been presented to St. John the Divine, Southwark, by the Middle Temple's new Bench, Mr. Choate, will be unveiled by the distinguished Ambassador himself on the twenty-second of the month. Mr. Choate could hardly have marked his retirement by a happier gift, for John Harvard, the Nonconformist divine who founded the famous University bearing his name in Cambridge, North America, was born in Southwark, and lived there for some time. He died at Charlestown in 1638.

Photograph by Park.



THE SCENES OF "THE LITTLE MICHUS'" ADVENTURES.



1. THE PLAYGROUND OF MME. HERPIN'S SCHOOL.

2. THE SALON AT GENERAL DES IES'.

3. THE INTERIOR OF MICHU'S SHOP.

*Photographs by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.*

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE CREOLE"—"JASPER BRIGHT"—"THE SILENT WOMAN"—"THE WALLS OF JERICO"—"SALOME."

TO those whose function is strictly limited to that of critic and does not embrace the office of newsvendor, the most interesting matter connected with Mr. L. N. Parker's play, "The Creole," concerned Miss Alice Crawford, who played the character of Josephine. It was a case of Alice who art thou? The part was curious and difficult: for a while the actress was a voice and nothing else, the voice of a guilty woman behind a door praying to her husband to let her come in. The voice was beautiful and used with great skill: curiosity and expectation were at their height. A very handsome creature, with coal-black hair and stately manner, appeared for a minute, was embraced by Napoleon, otherwise Mr. Cyril Maude, and the curtain went down, and left us wondering who is this hitherto unknown player so richly equipped. The play is a chatty, agreeable affair, dealing with squabbles between Napoleon, when he was only a General, and his dreadful family, and Napoleon, as a very uxorious husband, and the fascinating but faithless Josephine. It seemed hardly needful to evoke from the dead such a prodigious figure for a mere curtain-raiser, written, however, quite cleverly. This consideration apart, Mr. Cyril Maude, as the Jupiter Scapin, was very terrible—for Mr. Maude—and played with a good deal of skill, without convincing many of us that he suggested the "Little Corporal." Miss Wallis gave an excellent piece of acting as mother of the man to whom Beethoven did not dedicate the Heroic Symphony. Thanks to the Press and its noble efforts, the character of the young wife in "Everybody's Secret" has been purged, and, if the story is a trifle weakened, a rather ugly note has disappeared, and the play is now one of the admirably acted, irreproachable, artificial sentimentalities for some time past associated with the name of the Haymarket Theatre.

It really seems hard luck upon a foreigner that a theatre chestnut, well entitled to the guinea prize awarded by one of the weekly papers, should have been chosen for the foundation of his season. Mr. de Vries has learnt English, up to a point, very rapidly, but neither "Jasper Bright," the play he has chosen, nor his acting as the pork-butcher, who reminded the older playgoers of a famous butlerman part admirably played by poor David James, could make one forget the fact that he was a foreigner pretending to be English. I am not a Protectionist, nor do I push patriotism to a Chauvin degree, but I cannot stand foreigners for English parts, unless they show amazing excellence. What little there was to be said about the farce has been said almost unanimously; it would have been better to revive "Our Boys" than this English version of a German adaptation of it, yet it may be assumed that H. J. Byron's prodigiously successful play would seem hopelessly old-fashioned in our days.

It is a little ominous that the Mermaid Repertory Theatre should have revived "The Silent Woman," and the thought would come

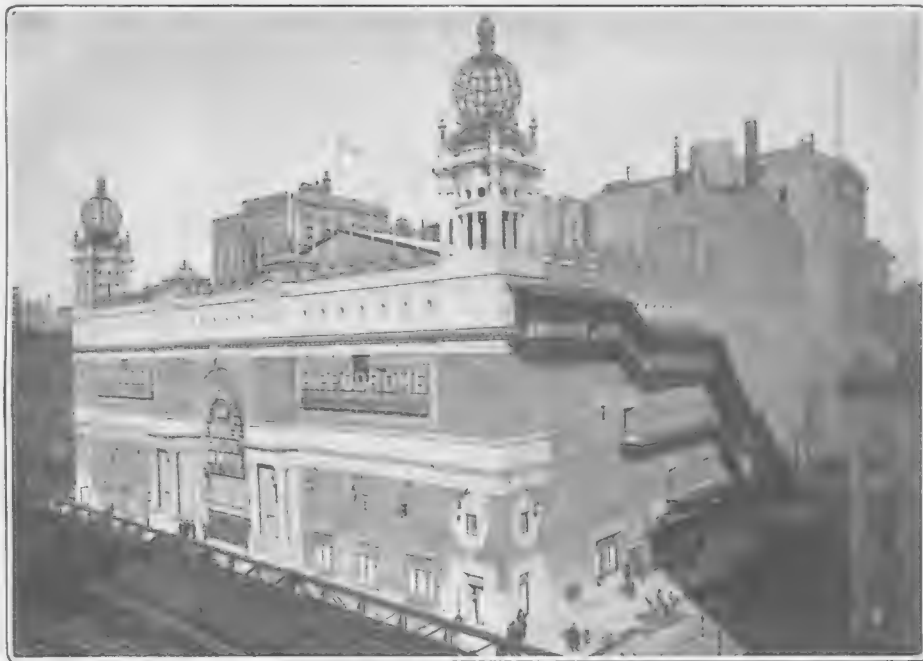
that if any of the numerous schemes for an official repertoire theatre succeed in being tried practically, we shall have too much of this sort of thing. Now Ben Jonson is vastly interesting in his pictures of manners, his learned wit and laboured humour, when read; but it did not need production of "The Alchemist" or "The Silent Woman" to show that the basis of some of his most famous comedies will not serve the practical politics of our stage. For a private society to produce his pieces is laudable enough, but it would be cruel to tax the ratepayer in order that he may see such exhumations of dead drama. Moreover, the criticisms of an enthusiastic Shaksperian scholar that he did not care about elegant disarrangements of his favourite author even when given with the utmost pomp and scenery in the theatre applies even

more forcibly to "The Silent Woman," for, so far as I could judge off-hand, little more than half the work was given, and it was wisely deemed necessary to emasculate its chief element of humour. The playgoer would be disposed to admit that there was prophetic wisdom in the adjective "rare" attached to the name of the really learned and brilliant author who was conquered by his materials.

"The Walls of Jericho," after two hundred performances, are still standing, though some of the critics made their little noise against them, and at the moment, when it represents one of the few important specimens of original home-made drama at the West-End theatres, the success, of course, is welcome. It does not, perhaps, belong to the class of plays that yield new ideas on a second visit, but it certainly pleases the public by sheer force

of merit, aided, of course, by the skilful acting of Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and an able Company.

That oft-abused official, the Censor, probably rejoices in the fact that his jurisdiction has been dodged and two private performances of "Salome" have been given to all who cared to join a Club for the purpose of seeing Oscar Wilde's prohibited play, for the production has satisfied many that the prohibition was wise. Whether it be right or no to allow John the Baptist to be presented on the stage and permit longish passages from the Bible to be uttered is an open question, but the actual treatment of the matter in the particular case would be intolerable to the large majority—of whom I am not one. No artistic purpose is served by presenting such a character as the prophet in a lurid drama of gross lust and Oriental passion—other names would have served as well, and one perceives in the work a deliberate desire to shock the Philistines: good art is rarely the result of such a motive. The play, despite the beauty of much of the dialogue, is not a little monotonous and ineffective, and for this it is not fair to blame the New Stage Club, which, under the circumstances and the able direction of Miss Florence Farr, did wonders; the acting of Miss Murby, Miss Louise Salom, and Mr. Farquharson was surprisingly good. No doubt, a greater Salome could be found, but Miss Murby certainly was skilful enough to enable us to gauge the acting value of the play.



THE LARGEST PLAYHOUSE EVER BUILT: NEW YORK'S GIGANTIC HIPPODROME.

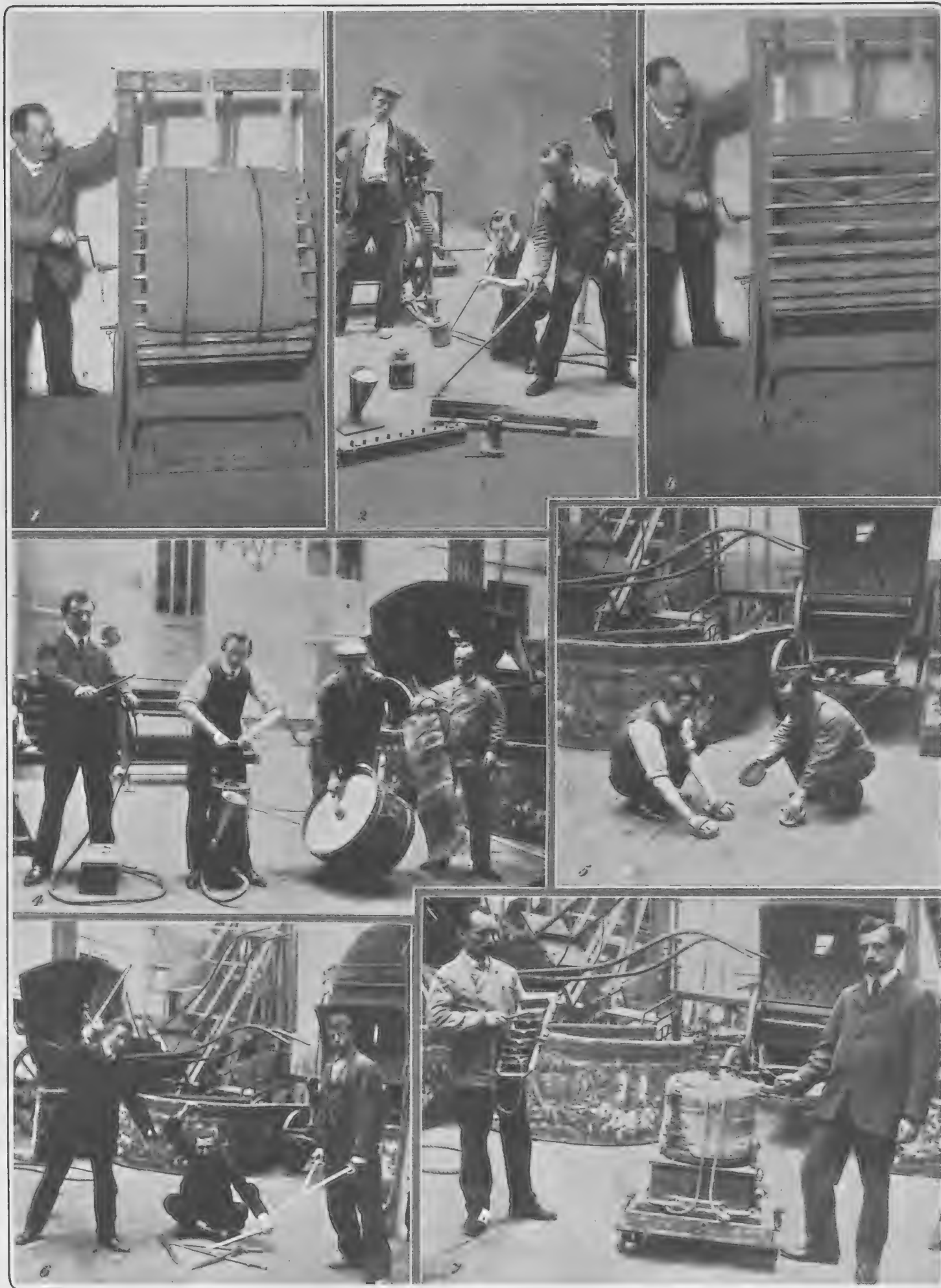
The New York Hippodrome, recently opened, fronts on Sixth Avenue and extends from 43rd to 44th Street. It claims to be the greatest undertaking of the kind ever known; cost £700,000; seats 5,200 people; measures 200 by 240 feet; has a stage 200 by 110 feet, and a drop-curtain 85 by 100 feet; and provides employment for 400 performers. In the foyer are a number of roomy cages for wild animals. The opening programme included two spectacles with large casts, "A Yankee Circus on Mars," and "Andersonville, a Story of Wilson's Raiders." In addition to these, there appeared "The Sisters Ty-bell, in a phenomenal performance depending from a slender cord, culminating in a spin of top-like velocity while swaying to and fro, suspended by the teeth"; also an elaborate circus tournament, introducing performing elephants, jockeys, acrobats, gymnasts, high-wire performers, and Marceline, the clown who had so long an engagement at the London Hippodrome.

Photograph by W. H. Ballou.



“‘HARK! WHAT NOISE IS THAT?’ (TUMULT WITHOUT.)”

THE PRODUCTION OF STAGE SOUNDS.



1. THE WIND IS RAISED—BY MEANS OF A CLOTH-COVERED FRAME WHICH BRUSHES AGAINST STEEL SPRINGS.

2. LIGHTNING IS CALLED FORTH—WITH THE AID OF BLOW-PIPE AND INFLAMMABLE POWDER.

3. A HOUSE FALLS WITH APPROPRIATE NOISE—PROVIDED BY THE CLATTER OF A REVOLVING FRAMEWORK OF WOODEN RIBS AGAINST FIXED, METAL SPRINGS.

4. A STORM IN FULL BLAST—MANUFACTURED WITH THE AID OF ELECTRIC-SPARK LIGHTNING, SIREN WIND, AND DRUM AND SHEET-OF-METAL THUNDER.

5. THE GALLOPING OF HORSES—

6. —AND THE CLASH OF ARMS.

7. BOLTS ARE SHOT—BY THE RAPID DRAWING OF A METAL STICK ACROSS IRON RIBS—AND A SMALL BOILER IS REQUISITIONED FOR THE PRODUCTION OF SMOKE AND SIREN.

Photographs by Branger.

# THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## TWO ROSES.\*

**E**VEN in these days of an extraordinary and ever-increasing output, it is hard to find novels that combine sound style and modern thought with an old-fashioned simplicity of plot. Men and women who have the gift of what the jargon of the day calls "fine writing" will not always make a direct appeal to the people who like a simple story to be well told. "Rose of the World" is quite a happy exception to the average novel. It may be classed among the books that claim a large audience and leave a pleasant and enduring impression behind. From the moment when we make the acquaintance of Major Raymond Bethune, of the Guides, and Lady Gerardine, wife of the Governor of one of the Indian Provinces, down to the time when the tangle of adverse circumstances is unravelled in the last chapter, the narrative does not fail to hold us.

Major Bethune wished to write the Life of Captain Harry English, Lady Gerardine's first husband, who went to his death in some frontier affair seven or eight years before the story opens. Lady Gerardine had been little more than a girl when she married him and had not realised his love. The shock of his death overwhelmed her, stupefied her in some subtle fashion; she had never dared to think of the tragedy that lay behind her, and had yielded without resistance to the wooing of the Governor. He chose her for his wife because of her beauty, and her consequent capacity to honour his high position; she was indifferent, and obedient to all his foolish whims and fancies for the sake of a quiet life that never a dream disturbed.

When Major Bethune came to ask her for the papers and letters of her first husband, she refused his request. The idea of turning to the correspondence, part of which she had not even read, was repugnant to her. But she had to deal with a strong man. Major Bethune appealed to the Governor, who thought that the Life should be written, and acquainted Lady Gerardine with his wish that she should give the necessary help. So it happened that the work was undertaken, and to do it Lady Gerardine returned to England, to the old country-house that Captain English had left to her, a place filled with pictures and photographs of the dead man, and well guarded by an old housekeeper who thought that the Captain could not be dead, since, according to the tenets of her simple faith, death has no existence. In such an atmosphere strange developments were to be expected.

"Rose of the World" found, on a sudden, that she loved her first husband in death as she had not known how to love him in life, that she belonged to him still; that the correct, elderly Governor, compact of pride and stupidity, who had given her his hand, had never reached her heart. Then, too, she was decidedly neurotic, and the restraint of her Indian life in the latter days had not been calculated to make her nervous system stronger. She grew to dread the return of Sir Arthur, who had been detained in India on official business; he, she knew, would never understand her, since no ray of imagination lighted his dull mind. When he did return, in the fulness of time, the breach between them was soon widened beyond the possibilities of repair. He wanted the respect and deference to which he felt himself entitled; she was racked by the ever-deepening knowledge of what her first husband's life and love had been. The Governor regarded this attitude as an eccentricity that was not even

harmless, and, quite overwrought, Lady Gerardine broke down altogether, and lay between life and death, sanity and insanity, to the great annoyance of Sir Arthur, who found nervous breakdown indecorous.

Sir Arthur was engaged upon a monumental work, no other than the history of the Province whose affairs he was good enough to administer on behalf of this country, and for the development of his book he had employed a Pathan of uncommon attainments, who was now at the country-house waiting for work to be resumed. Silent, mysterious, and self-contained, the man was an object of suspicion to most of the household, and Lady Gerardine herself loathed the sight of him. She saw in him one of the race that had destroyed Captain English, and so arrested her life's development. He was a constant reminder to her of what had gone before. And yet, in truth, the Pathan was Harry English himself.

When he led the forlorn hope from the frontier fort at Inziri he had been badly but not mortally wounded. The leader of the insurgents had kept him as his body-servant, in the belief that the young Briton who could fight so well would bring him luck. When he died, Captain English escaped, and made his way through some of the wildest Turkestan country to India, learning not a little about people and land. Reaching the Province, he managed to be taken into the Governor's service, for he wished to know how the land lay before he declared himself. We are told to believe that, had he found his wife happy and indifferent, he would not have revealed his identity. Then, too, he felt intuitively that his old friend, Major Bethune, had been smitten by the many charms of "Rose of the World," and he wanted to find for himself how much or how little this might mean. But when, in the remote country-house, he learned that his wife was dying of her love for him, he laid disguise aside and claimed her. In the hour of her complete physical and mental collapse, the shock was well-nigh too much for Lady Gerardine, and before the course of true love could run smooth a very serious illness had to be combated. But all was well in the end: he came to his kingdom in her heart, and it may be presumed that Sir Arthur consoled himself with the love of Lady Melbury, who was in every sense fitted for him.

Here in briefest outline is the story of "Rose of the World," ignoring certain side-issues, such as Major Bethune's love for her; and doing no justice to the finer points that may be left to the reader. There are other characters in the book who add not a little to its charm and worth. There is M. Chatelard, *savant*, doctor of medicine, and "globe-trotteur," who understands the nervous ailments of modern women and plays a big part in restoring Mrs. English to her husband. And there is Aspasia Cunningham. One must travel far and wide in the realm of modern fiction to find a more delightful girl. She is more than charming; she embodies the fascination of a score of ordinary women, and there is about her an atmosphere of pure joy that belongs to the heyday of healthy, vigorous youth. If "Rose of the World" herself had failed to hold us, if the story of her life and troubles had fallen flat, we must still have acknowledged our debt to the authors; their book must have remained well worth reading, for Aspasia's

sake. She lightens every page that deals with her, filling it with the fragrance that blows direct from the enchanted region where the lost Aprils are, and the lost Mays. In fact, one cannot always avoid the thought that, to most men, Aspasia Cunningham, rather than Gerardine English, is the World's Rose.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



MRS. EGERTON CASTLE, PART-AUTHOR OF "ROSE OF THE WORLD."

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



MR. EGERTON CASTLE, PART-AUTHOR OF "ROSE OF THE WORLD," IN HIS "DEN."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

\* "Rose of the World," By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)



THROUGH THE SMOKE.



DANCERS IN "MY LADY NICOTINE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

*Photographs by Campbell-Gray.*

## OUTCASTS.—By S. H. SIME.



TOO MUCH—EVEN FOR HELL.

"I suppose they keep the gate locked to prevent anyone sneaking out?"  
"Oh dear, no! It's to prevent us sneaking in."



*Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.*



VIII.—THE BATTLE-PAINTER.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ONE of the best and truest literary portraits of J. H. Shorthouse appears in the *Outlook*, from the very competent pen of Mr. Edmund Gosse. Mr. Gosse is reviewing the *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains* of the author of "John Inglesant." He tells us that the instant and irresistible impression which Shorthouse gave was that of a mask of 1750 suddenly revived out of some serious and romantic pastoral. He had a face too big for his body. He loved a discreet but unusual gaiety of colour in dress; he moved his soft, slightly prelatial hands in stereotyped but unusual fashion; he was extremely courteous, and he had an incurable stammer recalling the stutter of Tartaglia. That stammer in later life became incessant and uncontrollable. Shorthouse's system of culture was a delicate sport or an elaborate system of make-believe. He had never been in Italy, or, indeed, across the English Channel, yet he loved to fancy that he had travelled extensively and confidentially in romantic Catholic countries.

In Shorthouse's cultivation of the religious aspect of his genius, Mr. Gosse finds the same characteristic. "Shall we say that when he went to church, as he so consistently loved to do, he still wore the domino? I think we must say so, and certainly he was never more sincere nor more individual than when he dwelt upon the importance of cultivating the religious symbol. In literature, in art, in piety, it was the becoming attitude which Shorthouse valued, not merely for its own sake, but because he believed that it naturally led to sympathy and delicacy, and, perhaps—but this was less essential—to faith itself." Incidentally, Mr. Gosse indicates his admiration for "The Little Schoolmaster Mark" as a book more exquisite than "John Inglesant," and never properly appreciated. "Shorthouse had a real talent for carefully studied and delicately harmonious style, and for that kind of painstaking literary harlequinade which we call *pastiche*."

The announcement that an anonymous book was to appear with the title "A Publisher's Confession" provoked some curiosity. Unfortunately, it turns out that the publisher confesses the sins of others, and not his own. Speaking of the United States, he declares that, with all the display of activity on the part of the trade, a very small proportion of possible readers is reached at all. The imperfection of the means of distribution, the lack of the retail dealers in books in other than the larger towns, the extreme thinness with which books are spread over an immense territory, make against circulation. In this publisher's view, general publishers must now depend for their business practically on novels. Text-books and subscription books have fallen into the hands of houses devoted to each branch. The ordinary publishing house must mainly rely on novels. Novelists are hard to deal with, ready to change publishers, and exorbitant in their demands for advanced payments. The unknown publisher, however, is not without hope for the future of his profession.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier had a very happy idea when they invited Mr. Andrew Carnegie to write the little book on James Watt in their "Famous Scots" series. Mr. Carnegie declined at first, but ultimately accepted, because, as he tells us, he knew

little of the history of the steam-engine and of Watt himself, and the surest way to obtain knowledge was to comply with the publisher's request. He now knows about the steam-engine, and has also had revealed to him "one of the finest characters that ever graced the earth." Mr. Carnegie has done his work well, and it will spread the knowledge he has acquired. Not the least interesting feature of the book is to be found in the *obiter dicta* scattered here and there. Thus: "Partnership requires not duplicates, but opposites—a union of different qualities. He who proves indispensable as a partner to one man might be wholly useless, or even injurious, to another. Generals Grant and Sherman needed their different Chiefs-of-Staff. One secret of

Napoleon's success arose from his being free to make his own appointments, choosing the men who had the qualities which supplemented his, and cured his own shortcomings; for every man has shortcomings." Referring to the trouble which James Watt had from drunken working-people, Mr. Carnegie says: "We have certainly advanced in the cure of this evil, for our working-men may now be regarded as, on the whole, a steady, sober class, especially in America, where intemperance has not to be reckoned with."

The most popular English author in Russia at present is Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, whose books are issued in Russia immediately after their production in England, often by several publishers. My authority for this statement is the Russian correspondent of the *Author*, who further says that of about a hundred millions of people who can speak Russian, not more than twenty millions can be taken into account as readers of books and newspapers. In Poland, the profits on books are comparatively small. Mr. Barrie's two novels brought him larger profits than all Sienkiewicz's works put together yielded to him, or, indeed, the combined publications of any other five leading popular novelists. With the exception of Sienkiewicz, no author would refuse £500 for a novel. Most would accept £200 with pleasure, while the majority would sell the price paid for serial rights

their books for from £30 to £50. The price paid for serial rights is, at the utmost, from £150 to £200.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. claim to have a moral and a legal right to the letters of Charles Lamb. They found that the two executors named in Lamb's will were dead, and that, being dead, and the survivor having died intestate, there was no continuation of the executorship. Lamb's residuary legatee was his adopted daughter, Miss Emma Isola, who became the wife of Mr. Moxon, the publisher. She died, and her son, Mr. A. H. Moxon, became her administrator. He took out letters of administration with the will of Lamb, and Messrs. Dent purchased from him all the rights of Lamb in all his letters, including unpublished letters. They claim, therefore, through the very person Charles Lamb intended to benefit by his will, and have thus, in their opinion, the moral and the legal right to the letters. It is obvious that this claim raises very difficult and important questions, and a final decision on the subject would be welcome to many. Is there anything to hinder a complete American edition of Lamb's letters? O. O.



GREAT THOUGHTS—AND THEIR THINKERS. II.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMP.



DEATH AS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.



THE ACTOR : And what's my new part like ? Any chance of pleasing the audience ?  
THE STAGE-MANAGER : Why, rather ! You die in the first Act.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

## THE LONDON SEASON.

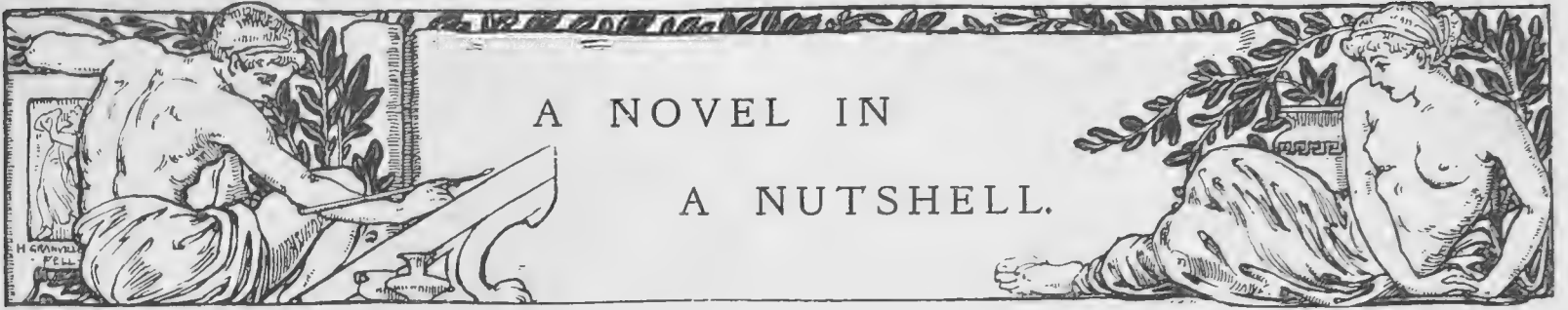
[FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]



"THERE WAS A SMALL MUSICAL-PARTY AT MRS. STEEM DE LAUNDRY'S ON THE 16th."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.





## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

### "THE MAN WHO DOES NOT MATTER."

By HERBERT SHAW.

IN his little room in the Rue Pasquier, high up above the city, Varhef said—

"It is to you that I will tell the story, because you are a wanderer like myself. Also because you have lived and known. In the streets sometimes they point at me, and they say, 'There goes Varhef. There is a story about him, but he will not tell it to us. Varhef—he sings little songs in the cafés.'"

"How should I tell it to *them*, if their hearts will not understand? I do not understand all myself; there be many things too hard for us little people. But you are of our tribe, although you are English. You are a man with whom one can talk. I have come back to Paris. To Paris or to London every born wanderer will come back in time. Is it not so? How old should you think I am?"

I looked at the kind and quiet eyes, the worn face, the whitening hair.

"Fifty," I said, and thought it would be more than that.

"I am not yet forty. You are not the first to make me certain that I look old. Once I used to have anger about it, but I am wiser now. I am only Varhef, the man who does not matter."

"It happened in this splendid Paris that now is a dead place to me. In the cafés I get up, and they move the glasses very carefully on the tables, so that they shall make no noise, and the waiters walk silently, and whisper for their orders. 'Listen now,' they say. 'It is Varhef. He sings little songs.' Before I finish I have them all laughing, and I smile at them, but I do not laugh. It is queer, is it not, that I should live by making people laugh, and yet be sad myself? We come, you and I, from cold, hard races that do not laugh easily in their hearts."

"Sometimes I think that I need not be so lonely or so sad. Do you know, I think that women like me—perhaps because there is some shadow about me, and a woman likes mystery about a man. I know when a woman likes in such a way that a kiss and a caress would change swiftly her liking into love. They are all sweet and good and very kind, and they do me great honour; but I do not want them. I have loved, and all that is finished. Have you ever loved a woman so that every tiniest thing that she did mattered to your open heart? If you have, you would not tell me here. It is my time for the telling. You, a stranger, are the first who has heard. You are my friend."

"I am Polish born, and that is a bitter and an evil birthright: Black hate comes easy, and almost one is born unhappy in that land. When I was young, horsemen came and whipped us forth from our village. They came in the morning, and they made the clean snow grey and dirty with their coming. They were evil men. One of them slashed my mother across the forehead. It was long before it vanished from my mother's face, but even then it did not go. It went to my heart, and it is there now. There is the slash of a whip across my heart. That is another thing by which I am only Varhef, who is silent and does not laugh."

"We came to London. I have sung in your streets; I have seen your Queen. I have begged in your streets. As the children run after you, a foreigner, in the country between Rouen and Paris and cry, 'A-peny, a-peny!' so I have run and cried in your city when I was hungry. I do not like your people except you, and your Queen, and a girl who was kind to my mother in the part that you call Whitechapel. Her name was Rachel, and she had dark hair. She was a Jew, but her father did not lend money, or rob poor people who wanted to get away on a ship, like the Jews. I had known in my country."

"It was in your city that my mother died. They buried her in a very ugly churchyard near one of your railway-stations. The stones are all so dirty that it is difficult to read the inscriptions, and beyond the railings the heavy traffic goes, all day long. It is not a good place for her resting. I stayed till I had enough money to buy a stone for my mother, and then I came to Paris. There was not much difference at first. It was just another place to starve in. That was all. But presently I did a little work for a

paper, a sketch now and then, and a man there who was a good man bought me a violin. And I went back to the streets again, and the students gathered round me at the corners. I am vagrant, you know. They tell me you are rich in your own country—you have a big house and servants. But you do not love the house and the servants day after day, year after year; and often you come here to live in two little rooms by yourself. You are not—how do they call it?—respectable; it means a great deal in your country, that word. You are vagrant, like me. It is why I talk to you."

"Then I met Père Didier, and he helped me, and soon I took a tiny room, and was quite rich. And soon there was a little band of us—old Père Didier, and Anton, and Rachel, and Cassy, the American, who put us all in the picture which he painted long afterwards. I wish that his picture would be forgotten by now, although I love it so much. Every time that I see a print of it in a window, the slash is across my heart again. My own copy is a proof that Cassy signed for me. It is there in the corner, with a red curtain over it. I look at it once a month. I do not sing for them on that day. But to-night I have to sing."

I looked across to the clock on the mantelpiece. The hands were at twelve.

"That stands always at noon," said Varhef. "I am tired of time—in this room."

I pulled up the window and went out on the narrow balcony into the summer evening. Leaning forward over the railing, I could see the big clock of the Gare St. Lazare.

"To-morrow I will tell you about Rachel. I am going to the Café d'Or, to sing three little songs that will make them laugh. I have made a new one about a boy and an orchard and a girl. It goes like a nursery-rhyme. It is very poor and silly."

He sat down at the piano, and the story about children and an orchard came in a tinkling tune—

"Red apples in an orchard grew;  
A boy desired just one or two—"

In a corner of the Café des Vins du Rhin, where no noise came, Varhef said—

"Rachel had dark hair, and because of her hair and her eyes and her lips she sat to painters, and everybody loved her. Her face is in three great pictures, but the picture of Cassy, the American, is greatest of them all. She was just Rachel, and there is nothing more to say. We all had our own names for her—beautiful names—except Father Didier, and he called her his dear little daughter. He was a widower, and childless. I called her Rachel, for that was the name of the girl who had been kind to my mother in London. It is a name very sweet. If I hear of any woman having that name now, I am quite angry."

"We used to meet in Cassy's studio. It is his studio that he brought into the picture which he painted long afterwards. Cassy is rich now. He married five hundred thousand pounds and a woman in America; but he is not happy. His picture is of his heart, an eternal sigh for those good days when we were young and did not care for money. In Cassy's studio Father Didier taught Rachel to play the violin."

"I could play a little, and Anton could play, and Rachel, when she dreamed and chose, could play also. It was a playing, hers, that was different from any way we knew. She was quick and easily tired of anything, being a woman; but the old man was very patient with her."

"You do not want the music," he said to her; "you want the half-dark of the studio and your own dreams, and us to listen and not say a word. It is yourself that you play into the violin, you understand." And Anton laughed, taking the violin away; and he made the instrument all kind of different things, bold and loud, as he was himself. He was a fine, big man, Anton, and he could never get any parting to show in his long hair. Anton was big and masterful and a leader, and sometimes he could be very cruel.

"That is myself," he said, when he had finished. "I will make them listen to me yet." He looked suddenly at Rachel, and his eyes challenged. I saw her turn away under his look, half afraid. I was not big and strong. I was Varhef, exile, and I was weak and poor to look at then, because often I had not had enough food. But Rachel was kind to me in those days. Once, I was playing in the studio, and I thought I was alone all the time. I played till it was quite dark—just the things that came—and, when I finished, and was back in Paris again, a soft voice spoke and frightened me—

"It is you who are the player." It was Rachel. "You play in my way, except that your music is always grey and low and sad." I laughed and said to her, "I have not been much in the sun."

"Presently people began to ask Anton to dinner, because of his playing. We laughed at him because he had to wear proper things; but he was proud, and I was envious, although I laughed. I was always watching, and many times I saw him look quickly at Rachel with that look of a man which is easy to read. We had kept her from all harm; but she was a woman, and for every woman there waits somewhere one man who has only to call her, and at the calling she will come. Sometimes they meet. I think that Anton called to Rachel on the night that Father Didier played to us.

"That is the night which Cassy has put into his picture. Anton was huddled up on the divan, with his knees drawn up and his hands clasped round them, his coat turned up and buttoned, because he had no collar and the stove had gone out. He was staring straight in front of him, thinking of the time when he would be famous. And he was thinking of Rachel, who was close to him, her right cheek on his shoulder. She is looking out of the picture just as she was then. I sat on the other side, a little away from her. My elbows were on my knees, and my head was deep between my hands, because I was Varhef and sad, and because Rachel seemed so quiet and happy, with her cheek on Anton's shoulder. Cassy was in the shadow, and a man whose name I do not remember leant against the chair by the plaster cast on the wall. And, across the room, Father Didier, his old, long, black coat over his baggy trousers, played beautifully to us. We were all thinking. I was thinking of a Paris without Rachel, and Anton was wondering where he would take her first; Cassy was thinking of how he would put all this into a picture, though, perhaps, he did not know it then. And Father Didier dreamed, as he played, of the years that had gone.

"Father Didier stopped playing, and our dreams went very slowly from us; and after a long while, Cassy, the American, said: 'You had us all beat with that, Father.' It was a wonderful thing that he had played, and we all knew that he would never play again as he had played then. It was given to him on that night. It was the last time, indeed, that he played on the violin, for it was in less than a month from that night that he died. It was as if we were out of some desirable bondage when his music ceased.

"I saw Anton give that look again to Rachel. This time she did not turn her eyes away. When we went away I stayed behind for a moment, for it seemed to me that there was something about the studio that would never be there again. I heard the others go down the wooden stairs, but to-night they were not laughing as on other nights. I shivered in the emptiness of the cold and the dark. And Rachel made some pretence, and came back up the narrow stairs. Suddenly she was there, in the dark and the cold with me. Her hands were on my shoulders. 'You are my dear friend,' she said; and she kissed me twice, and was gone.

"It was the first time she had ever kissed me, and it was the first time I had ever known a kiss from a woman that mattered. It was like the kiss of a grown-up child. I was her friend, but Anton was her master, and the next day she went away with him. I have not seen her since that night.

"I see by your eyes that you are wondering where she is now, and why I do not go to her, whether Anton is with her or not. Rachel is dead. He was evil and unkind to her, and he ill-treated her, while he became a great player and was feasted of all men. His name—for you—is Anton, as my name is Varhef, who sings in the cafés for his bread. I think sometimes that he took her away and afterwards came to hate her because he was afraid she might be a greater player than himself. We were all players in Cassy's studio, Rachel and Anton and myself.

"I left Paris, and came again to London; but it was not for me then to bide in any place. I had no money, and I went stowaway on a ship for America, whose name I forget. They found me in hiding, and they rowed a boat to put me ashore at a part called Land's End. It is a desolate place, and it was winter, and I walked back to London along lonely roads which fitted my lonely heart. I went over all your country in those years. Anton became a great player, and often I heard of him; and I heard when Rachel died. I heard the stories of his cruelty to her, and my heart was bitter towards him. I longed to see him again, though I did not know what I should do. But when he played in your city I was not

there. He was a great man, Anton, and he became rich; for in London and Paris, and New York and Berlin, he played, and in many other places. And all this time I did not play the violin. I just fiddled little, jingling tunes, so that I might live, and I did many other things for that purpose. And at last I tramped into a town in Germany where Anton was coming to play. And the night before he played, Rachel came to me in a dream, and I knew what I should do.

"I could not get any money, but I went to the hall and I watched the crowds of people come. I saw Anton drive up. He had a big fur-coat, and they made way for him and whispered his name. I had not seen him since the last night in the studio, the night that Cassy has put into his picture. When there were no more coming, I went to the doorkeepers, and I said, 'Let me in. I am a friend of Anton's.' I was ragged and untidy, and they talked among themselves, but I said, 'I am a friend of Anton's and I must hear him play this afternoon. No, you must not go to Anton. Let me in.' And at last they called a man who let me stand against the wall at the side of the hall. Rachel had talked to me in a dream, and it could not be that anything should hinder me from the thing I would do. I stood there and heard Anton play. There were many great ladies there. Many women had worshipped Anton since the days in Paris.

"A great Russian player was coming to the hall that next week, and there was an announcement on the programme that said he was the greatest player in the world. Anton was a proud man, and I learnt he would not play till they had torn that announcement from the programme. It was queer, and I knew Anton had not changed. I heard him play. He smiled when they applauded him. He was a great player, but there was no heart. He was master, and that was all. When he had played three pieces, it seemed that Rachel was at my elbow. I pressed forward to the low platform. And I looked up at him, and said, 'I am a greater player than you. Let me play, Anton.' For this was the thing I had been told in my sleep to do.

"There was rustle and excitement in the hall, and people rose from their seats and cried that I was mad. Anton laughed. They came to take me away, but nothing mattered to me except that I was to get on the platform and play. And I said again, 'Let me play, Anton.' The people shouted his name, telling him to let the madman have his way, and presently he consented. He spoke to the people, and told them I was an old friend of his who wished to play. I said, 'Give me your violin, Anton,' and it was Rachel's violin, on which she had been used to play in the studio. He withheld it for a moment, but it was ordered that he should give it to me, as it had been ordered that I should have my way in all this thing. Anton sat down on a chair upon the platform. The people were quiet again. I spoke to them, saying, 'Anton is an enemy of mine, and I am the greater player.' Many of them laughed. Anton smiled, watching the faces of the people, while I stood and played.

"I played the wonderful thing that Father Didier had played that night. And when I had been playing a little time, nobody laughed or moved in that silent hall. I do not understand why it was so, but with me was the power, as Rachel had promised in my dream. When I had finished, Anton did not smile, and a little wave of movement began among the people in the hall. Again they were all standing, shouting, and a fair-haired woman in splendid furs threw a red rose at my feet; and at that they shouted more loudly even, and called for me to play again. I turned to Anton, and I said, softly, 'You had her body, Anton; I had her lovely soul.' And I motioned with my hand that I would play again. And I pulled the bow across her violin so that it cried out in pain. I played, but now it was not I who was playing. It was Rachel, and she was playing the sweetest things of her heart. She played all the dreams of the studio that we had loved, and all the dreams of herself; and Father Didier spoke in his soft, old voice, and I, also, was in the playing, and Cassy, the American, told his strong young dreams. The playing was just the death of everything, except the things which were pure and good. I finished at last, and the hall was simply a crowd with their hearts alive—a mad and shouting crowd. I turned again to Anton; but his eyes were closed, and he did not answer. The doctors, who know everything, said that it was excitement. But I think it was the soul of Rachel that spoke to him and reproached him, so that he did not care to live any more.

"Somehow I came away, and for a long time they were looking for the outcast who had played into their hearts. It was in all your papers. I see by your face that you, too, heard of it, and wondered with the crowd. My name is on your lips. But I am not he; you are my friend. Her violin is on my wall in the Rue Pasquier, and the strings are broken. I am only Varhef, who does not matter. I sing stupid songs for them in the cafés—I, Varhef the player, who can play no more."



THE



END.







## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE success of "Leah Kleschna" has been not only remarkable in itself, but it is still more remarkable, in Mr. Charles Frohman's judgment, in its possibilities. Instead of one Company going out in the autumn, three will tour the provinces; in addition to one of "The Dictator." Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks will also be on tour with the Companies supporting them, under Mr. Frohman's management, so that he bids fair to have a very large number of actors and actresses under his banner during the next few months.

Contrary to general expectation, "Everybody's Secret" will not carry Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude through the remainder of their partnership at the Haymarket, and it has therefore been decided to revive Mr. Pinero's comedy, "The Cabinet Minister," on the evening of June 1. In this Miss Winifred Emery will make her reappearance, and will, doubtless, receive the congratulations of her friends, the playgoing public, on her return to the stage of the house from which she has so long been absent. She will play the part created by Mrs. John Wood, while Mr. Maude will take the one originally represented by Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Other characters will be played by Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Charles Bryant, Mr. George Graham, Miss Jessie Bateman, Miss Nancy Price, and Miss Carlotta Addison.

Miss Alice Crawford, who has made so great a success at the Haymarket as Josephine in "The Creole," is a young actress who has come from Greater to Great Britain. She is an Australian, born in Bendigo, where, it will be remembered, the late Lord Salisbury acquired his experience as a miner in the days that were earlier. That, however, was probably when Miss Crawford's mother was little if anything more than an infant in arms, for the actress is now only one or two

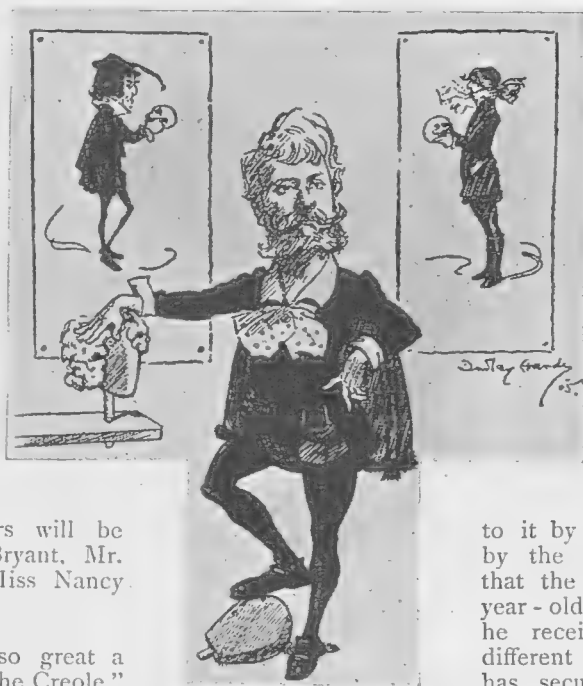
has had the opportunity of playing, though her ability to carry an important part received recognition at Mr. Tree's hands, for he selected her to understudy Miss Winifred Emery as Beatrice, and further opportunities are in store for her in the near future.

Miss Dorothy Grimston is the latest recruit to the ranks of those actors and actresses whose pleasure it is to aid charity, and she has, in consequence, organised two special matinées in aid of Lady Henry Somerset's Children's Camp and Fresh Air Fund at Birchington-on-Sea, to be given at the Shaftesbury Theatre on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, the 22nd and 23rd of May. The play presented will be "Mrs. L'Estrange," and the cast will include Mr. C. M. Hallard, Mr. Dawson Milward, Mr. Sam Sothern, Miss Dorothy Grimston, Miss Beatrice Selwyn, and Miss Muriel Wylford. The theatre has been lent for the occasion by Miss Tita Brand, and tickets may be obtained from Miss Dorothy Grimston, at the theatre, and from the usual agents.

The value managers attach to the work done by Mr. Huntley Wright is no less conspicuous than that attached to it by the public. Evidence of this is furnished by the fact that as soon as it was announced that the popular comedian had severed his nine-year-old connection with Mr. George Edwardes, he received offers from no fewer than seven different Managements. Mr. Charles Frohman, who has secured his services, is evidently determined to keep them, for while the first contract with Mr. Huntley Wright was for a year, it has been extended to two years, and the whole period will be passed in London; so that, though Mr. Wright's address will be changed, as well as the medium in which he is to appear, he will still furnish entertainment for his admirers. It is to be in straight comedy, and not the musical variety, that he will be first seen, though it is quite on the cards that Mr. Frohman will elect that the comedian shall not appear under his management until the autumn, a postponement that Mr. Wright's followers will regret.

Next Tuesday evening, Miss Tita Brand will produce "Renaissance," which has been translated into English verse by Miss Alix Greeven (Mrs. J. T. Grein). In it Madame Marie Brema will be associated with her daughter, Miss Brand, and to Mr. Hubert Carter and Mr. J. H. Barnes parts have also been assigned.

Beaumont and Fletcher's famous comedy, which attracted so much attention when it was revived, a little while ago, is to be reproduced to-morrow evening at the Great Queen Street Theatre by the Mermaid Repertory Theatre, and Mrs. Theodore Wright will reappear in the part in which she made so great a success. Next Monday the dead and buried authors will give place to a living and vital dramatist, in the ever-welcome person of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose "Palace of Truth" is being rehearsed.



THE HAMLET CRAZE:  
MR. WILLIE CLARKSON AS  
THE PRINCE OF DENMARK.  
From a Sketch by Dudley Hardy.



THE LEADING LADY IN "JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND," AT THE COURT: MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY, WHO IS PLAYING NORA.

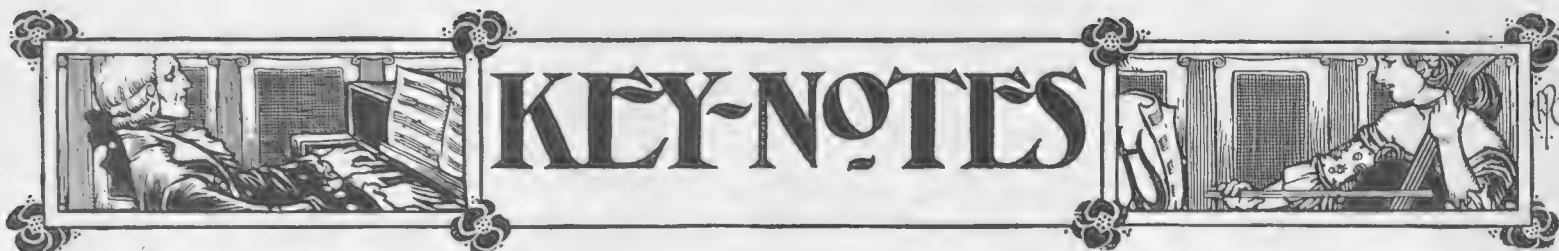
Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

was at the dress-rehearsal of "Much Ado" that Mr. Cyril Maude saw her and engaged her for the Haymarket, though with the idea of her appearing not in "The Creole," but in a comedy part in another play which it was then contemplated should precede "Everybody's Secret." Josephine is the first emotional character Miss Crawford



MISS BARBARA DEANE, WHO SINGS "MY SINGING BIRD" AND "FOR YOU" IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



WE have been somewhat obsessed by "Der Ring des Nibelungen" recently. The present writer owns that he is an enthusiast concerning all the later works of Wagner; but he must also own that in the excessive encouragement given to the production of the work of that great reformer and music-dramatist there has, at last, arrived a certain reaction which clamours for some reform and which demands a certain amount of relief. It has naturally occurred to several human intelligences that the mere understanding of Wagner's work signifies a particular appreciation which is not common in the understanding of new music. The present writer was possibly ensnared by this attraction. The extreme cleverness which involved the creation of the Leit-Motif naturally made one feel that here was a new attitude, a new position in music. It was an invention of gorgeous design; and, seeing that Wagner himself created the *motif* with infinite care, his success should have been both immediate and triumphant, once he had made his way through every possible opposition on the part of the groundlings. Take such a *motif* as that which belongs to Wotan in "Das Rheingold": "Vollendet das Ewige Werk." Where can you find so splendid a phrase, a phrase in so versatile, so brilliant a manner? More exciting, more brilliant, but less beautiful is the *motif* of the "Valkyrie." On the other hand, the *motif* which he created for Brünnhilde is more solemn, more splendid, and fuller of meaning. Therefore it is that by the combination of these many ideas he creates a unity which must be admired, but which must be remembered also as the work of one who cared not too much for variety.

Wagner will remain side by side in art with Mozart and with Gluck, of whom he was the fondest admirer, as a man whose

simplicity will always be worshipped and will always be recognised when the days in which a mere multiplication of instruments is regarded as complex have gone by. Utter simplicity can be accomplished by the employment of every musical instrument known to mankind; the accusation of complexity can only rest on the side of indifferent composers.

We ourselves well remember a certain occasion, some twelve years ago, at Covent Garden Opera, when Mozart was described to us during a performance of "Don Giovanni" (in which Maurel took the chief part) as a little *passé*. We wonder somewhat when the day will come when ladies in the gallery will describe Wagner in similar terms. Mozart lives now

we may say that the Management of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, announces that, in spite of the enormous success of the "Ring" performances, it will be impossible to give a third Cycle this season. The last Cycle began on Wednesday last with "Das Rheingold," and terminated on Monday with "Götterdämmerung."

In connection with this most excellent movement concerning the future policy of the Covent Garden Opera, it is most interesting to note that "Don Pasquale," by Donizetti, was given the other day with very great success. There is no doubt that the musical world moves in seasons. At one time that which is associated with happiness, with brilliance, and with a certain dazzling feeling of joyousness, seems to attract the attention and to fill one's musical soul with enjoyment. At another time it may be that mankind becomes ashamed of this particular sort of situation, and makes headway for austerity. Even as over the face of humanity, so, over the heart of each separate man, the same rhythm of life continues; at one time he is all for austerity, at another time there is nothing for him but extravagance of desire. The revival of "Don Pasquale" showed the reaction against too much gravity and seriousness in music. At one time we are for seriousness in music up to a certain point; but surely the art was created not only for gravity but also for enjoyment; and therefore we inquire with some interest as to why it should be that only one aspect should be acknowledged in that wide-spreading and great art which contains the emotion of all the world. Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" is a work which no complete Wagnerian would ever descend to meet. We ourselves have heard discussions upon this subject at such a place as Nürnberg, which is on the high road to Bayreuth.

The humorously grave young people who have no idea of taking things as things should be taken, with a certain sense of tears mingled with all the joy and the loveliness of the sunlight, invariably run to the heavy, the gloomy, the night-light-point of view. They will not acknowledge that there is another aspect of life which has been treated by the greatest masters of music; and they do not see that in the great works of the men of tune there is provided for them a vision of romance which is not to be found in the more determined thinkers of a modern time. Yet let them take heart of grace through the work of Richard Strauss; he, at all events, graces modern humour with his personal creations. Sir Edward Elgar, great as he is, and, in many cases, humorous as he is, is so momentary in his humorous moods that he does not set one laughing save with that curious sort of grimness which he put into the Demons' Chorus of "Gerontius." The humourists in music, indeed, are far to seek. Mozart stands supreme; Gluck had nothing of the quality; Berlioz, like Elgar, only approached humour in a very sardonic form; Sullivan possessed it in a supreme degree; Palestrina probably never even learnt the name of humour; the modern writers who think to possess a sense of humour are usually like the jesters who consider that a pun is good enough for a real joke.

COMMON CHORD.



THE LATEST MUSICAL PRODIGY:

MISS VIVIEN CHARTRES.

Miss Chartres, who made her first appearance in London at Queen's Hall on Monday last, is a nine-year-old English girl. For the last two years, she has been studying the violin at Prague, under Professor Sevcik, who taught Miss Marie Hall and Herr Kubelik. Her father is a leading contributor to a London daily paper; her mother is the Italian poetess, Annie Vivanti.

Photograph by T. F. Langhaus.

for all time, and we have no doubt that Wagner also will live for all time; but we wish to say that the common law of musical feeling naturally gives place to the new and newer composers, without in any way abrogating the position of those who have gone before. For these many reasons, and for others in addition,

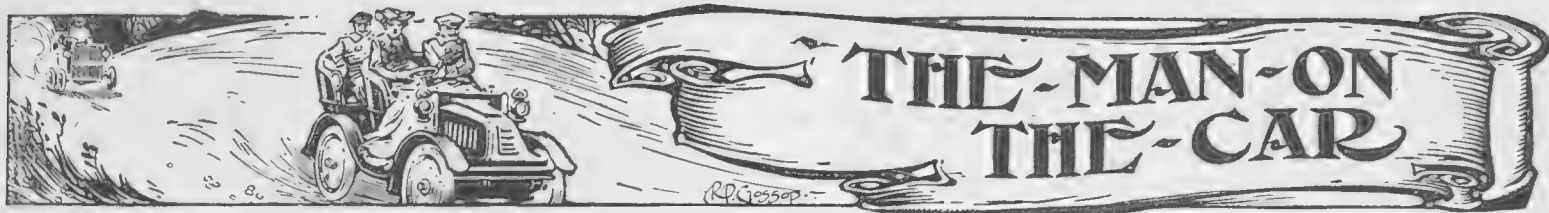


A VIRTUOSO AT THIRTEEN: MISCHA ELMAN, THE VIOLINIST.

Mischa Elman, who makes his reappearance in London at Queen's Hall to-day, is thirteen, and shares a love of playing with a love of cycling. He was born in the Russian village of Talnoje, and first played before an audience when he was five years old. He was taught at the Imperial School of Music and by Professor Auer.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.





THE SCOTTISH AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S RELIABILITY TRIAL—THE MEYAN CHALLENGE—STONING MOTOR-CARS—THE MOTOR-CAB—DUST.

THE Scottish Automobile Club has concluded that a two days' non-stop run from Glasgow to London, via Leeds, is not the sort of test that can be said to try the reliability of the modern motor-car. It has progressed in such measure during the past two years that the public, who now begin to have some

squire to the squab, so that not only do we drive in peril of bruised panels, but of black eyes and broken heads. With lady passengers this is a very serious matter, and one wonders what are the best measures to adopt where actual damage is done. It is of little avail to complain to the village policeman, for I know of several cases in which that has been done, and no satisfaction obtained. One must not take the law into one's own hands, or a little carefully administered corporal punishment might have a good effect. Next to this, proceedings for the recovery of the cost of repairing the damage done, taken against the young rascal's parents, would result beneficially over a considerable area.



FRENCH CHILDREN CATCH THE MOTOR-BOAT CRAZE: WOULD-BE COMPETITORS FOR THE BRANGER CUP AND THEIR MINIATURE MOTOR-CRAFT.

There were eighteen would-be competitors for the Branger Cup for miniature motor-boats, but of these only three fulfilled the necessary conditions and were allowed to take part in the race. The trophy was won by M. Girard's "Quinquina," her rivals being "Jacques I." and "Raymond II." The "Quinquina's" motor is  $\frac{1}{10}$ th h.p.; she is about one yard in length; and she runs at about 5 miles an hour.

*Photograph by Branger.*

glimmering of what things are, attach little weight to so mild a test in the face of Captain Deasy's and Mr. Siddeley's three thousand and five thousand miles' runs. Therefore, the "S.A.C.," which has no desire that its annual trial shall lose caste as a test of reliability, has extended it to four days, and made quite a different and more searching test of it.

On Wednesday morning, 10th inst., there set out from Blythswood Square no less than forty-three self-propelled vehicles, the largest entry the Scottish Club has received. In fact, of all the cars coloured upon the card, but one was an absentee, and that one a vehicle of foreign extraction. The cars were entered in three classes: (a) Petrol vehicles having one cylinder, (b) Petrol vehicles having two cylinders, (c) Petrol vehicles having three or more cylinders. Of these, twenty were of foreign manufacture. Four of these—the 10 horse-power and 20 horse-power Fords (American), the 14 horse-power Minerva (Belgian) and the 20 horse-power Vinot and Deguingaud—made their first appearance in a British competition.

The first day's route took the cars to Dundee, via Edinburgh, Stirling; and Perth; the second day's to Aberdeen, via Glenshee, Cairnwell, where there was a hill-test, and Braemar; the third day's to Pitlochry, via Huntly, Tomintoul, Grantown, and Kingussie; and the fourth day's back to Glasgow, via Aberfeldy, Lochearnhead, Dalmally, Inverary, and Arrochar. At the moment of writing the official results are not available.

I learn, incidentally, that Mr. Siddeley proposes to accept, has, indeed, accepted, M. Paul Meyan's challenge, and is prepared to comply with his French challenger's conditions in every respect. If, with things all his own way, driving over his own country roads, amidst crowds of sympathisers, M. Paul Meyan does not score, he will have the less defence available. I admire Mr. Siddeley's pluck in taking on this match, and trust that he and his car will come through with flying colours. There will be no third competitor.

To bombard the passing car with stones is becoming quite a general practice amongst small boys in country villages, by which it would seem that the virulent prejudice, and in some places openly expressed enmity, has filtered down from the

will be of British manufacture throughout, and will be driven by 10-12 horse-power two-cylinder engines.

Manufacturers and the Automobile Club are terribly—nay, suicidally—supine over the dust question. If we have a dry summer, with the continually increasing number of cars upon the road, it is the dust nuisance that will above all things be urged against us. Mere speed would be forgiven if there was no attendant dust, and yet drivers continue to drive inconsiderately



A SOCIETY LADY-MOTORIST: MRS. LEOPOLD ALBU ON HER 25 H.-P. C.G.V.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

in dusty weather, and makers make no attempt to grapple with the matter from the under-body form point of view. I am convinced that in this and in mud-guard design there is much to be done, but still we see cars turned out with pressure-tanks of large dimensions set below the frame and close to the ground, and exhausts discharging on to the roadway.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

CICERO—NEW COURSES—SUCCESS BEGETS, WHAT?—AGE TELLS—ASCOT.

AT the time of writing, it is not possible to find out for certain whether Cicero runs for the Newmarket Stakes at the Second Spring Meeting this year or not. If he does go to the post, he should easily vanquish all opposition, although the Lady Chancellor colt is evidently smarter than most people thought. I think Lord Rosebery would be well advised in letting Cicero carry silk before going to Epsom, just to open his eyes. I am told Maher thinks highly of the colt, and he, for one, does not fear the Frenchmen. I saw the race between Cicero

of every six unsuccessful trainers put their position down to bad luck. It is the only term they know, apparently, for they never mention anything about bad judgment or "crassly thick-headed incompetence." I think trainers like W. E. Elsey, who are able to win races against all-comers with moderate horses, are to be admired, while others who cannot work on better material should be made to descend to selling-platers.

According to rumour, the ring is in a bad way, and ever since the lamented deaths of Messrs. Fry, Ben Cooper, Alec Harris, and Rowson the market has been unstable. There is a fine opening in Tattersall's Ring for young men with money and brains to lay the field. The fact of the matter is, many of the bookmakers trading at the present time have become far too old to do their work correctly. They have no nerve, and are afraid to field properly. The outcome of this is often a bad book, when, if they tried to lay against every horse in the race, they would often stand on velvet. The layers to-day are too easily influenced by winks and nods, which, when they come to be analysed, are quite meaningless. As I have said many times before, the professional backer has just as good a chance of winning as the bookmaker if he bets to figures. In fact, he has an advantage over the layers sometimes, as he has commissions to work for several owners in the one race, and he, at least, knows the triers. But the professional backer is not everybody, and the bookmaker, to succeed, should assume that every horse in the race has some sort of a chance of beating even a hot favourite. Many of the fossilised layers begin by offering the odds bar one, and they continue singing the same tune right up to the end of the chapter.

According to all accounts, we shall have a very gay Ascot this year, as their Majesties the King and Queen will have a large party of visitors at Windsor Castle for the meeting. The chief houses in the neighbourhood have all been readily snapped up this year, and the late-comers will hardly be likely to get accommodation in the near neighbourhood of the course. Luckily, the train-service from town is an excellent one, and the journey can be accomplished by fast trains in an hour. Many of the old school prefer the journey by rail to Windsor and the walk through the park. I am very pleased to hear that the Ascot track is in better order than it has been for years past. Major Clement has effected several improvements to the stands and rings. The racing this year will be of top class, always provided the race-track is not too

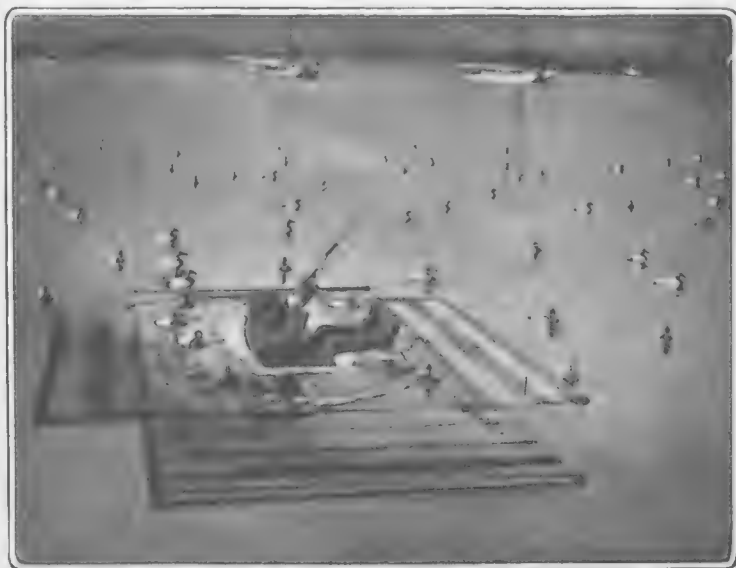


THE WILES OF THE WILDFOWLER: A GERMAN SPORTSMAN PREPARING FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING.

and Vedas at Ascot last year, and, in my opinion, Cicero gave the other a 10-lb. beating. The Derby favourite has wintered well. He thrives on his work, and is as playful as a kitten. He will, I know, take some riding round the Epsom track, but his speed should ensure his being well-placed at Tattenham Corner. The best of M. Blanc's pair is said to be Val d'Or, but I am told that both are very likely to go to the post with a view to avenging Waterloo. In that case, Stern would ride Val d'Or, and Jardy would be the mount of an English jockey. I cannot recommend the Kingsclere horses this journey, and the Two Thousand form, seemingly, was very moderate indeed.

It will be news to many that we are to have a racecourse at Wembley Park. The course will be one of the best Park tracks in the country, and everything connected with it will be up-to-date. The North-Western Railway can be trusted to do the carrying business successfully, and, in this connection, it is only fair to add that the Great Western Railway Company, which will have the monopoly of the traffic to the Newbury course, always displays plenty of enterprise in the regulation of racecourse traffic. Indeed, the Railway Companies are at last beginning to see there is money in it, and all the big Companies have agents at the principal race-meetings touting for customers. The cry has gone up that we have too many racecourses already, but I do not think so. Why, for instance, should the dwellers in Berks, Bucks, and Hants be compelled to travel fifty miles to see racing if they are willing to run a meeting close to their own doors, so to speak?

It is pitiful to note the bad average of many of the Newmarket trainers, some of whom, seemingly, could not last a month on their merits. There are several men training at the headquarters of the Turf to-day who did well before they began to ascend the social ladder. When they were content to live according to their position, they led back winners; but now, seemingly, late dinners, flunkies, and motor-cars do not synchronise with success on the Turf. I cannot for the life of me think what would become of some of our trainers if aristocratic owners were to get tired of losing money over their horses, and I am not afraid to repeat here what I have often written before, that, if I had my way, no owner should be allowed to remain long on the Turf who failed to make his horses pay their way. This would end the career of many a trainer who to-day is living in the lap of luxury and training losers. It is a marvellous fact that five out



AN UNCOMFORTABLE SEAT FOR A HIGH SHOT.

The many devices utilised by the wildfowler to enable him to approach the game without scaring it are added to in Germany by the ingenious, but apparently uncomfortable, raft shown in our photographs. It will be noticed that a number of decoy-birds are attached to the raft itself.

hard. It is hoped that the entries for the handicaps will be quite up to the average, while the two-year-old races are bound to yield well. It is expected that the race for the Ascot Gold Cup will be the most exciting witnessed for many years, and I am told that one or two owners with horses engaged are hopeful of being able to beat Pretty Polly.

CAPTAIN COE.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE terrible accident to Mrs. Laycock, which, it seems, no amount of good driving could possibly have prevented, is still the talk of motoring circles. Mrs. Laycock is one of three beautiful sisters, the eldest of whom married Sir Robert Wilmot, and the youngest Mr. Garrod, one of the well-known family of silversmiths and jewellers in the Haymarket. Mrs. Laycock, whom Lord Downshire met and married at her home in Reading,

becoming large, and some of the newest Maison Lewis models—which, by the way, daily arrive from Paris—are distinctly on more generous proportions, without, however, thank goodness, reaching anything like *matinée* proportions.

The model depicted is practically a Leghorn plateau, the centre cut out and filled in with black velvet, which is surrounded by the daintiest wreath of shaded roses. From the under-brim three white ostrich-feathers curl themselves caressingly on the hair and finish the most exquisite little *chapeau* it is given even French fingers to evolve.

The desirability of pink silk in the loveliest faint-rose shade is evidenced in the original of our other sketch, with much-buttoned bodice with black silk dots and black velvet breast-knot reposing amongst laces to emphasise a charming trio of tones in pink, black, and white. The hat, of black tulle with upstanding pink feathers, carries out a tuneful whole, and, if one may express oneself *à la Lucille*, is a little sonnet of soulful sartorial emotions.

The little, pale-coloured silk coats from Paris, with elbow-sleeves cascaded with lace, are very seductive and extremely useful. I met one, on a friend, done in white silk, collared, cuffed, and pocketed with mauve silk embroidery; bands of silver braid were vandyked



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING CREATION AT THE MAISON LEWIS.

is remarkable for her flawless complexion. No doubt, her fine constitution, trained and hardened in the hunting-field, has helped her over this terrible crisis, as, happily, she daily gathers strength.

It has been said that if a woman can dress suitably and becomingly in England, she can take the palm anywhere for good taste, which, involved and obscure as it seems, is yet a wise pronouncement. For have we not every point of the compass to consider every day in every year, with, perhaps, as many climates to provide against in as many hours, variability, instability, unexpectedness being the chronic conditions of our exquisite climate? So if one can contrive to look warmly clad in the north wind of ten a.m., and cool by a blazing mid-day, changing into a bewitching rain-proof altogether by two p.m., and an appropriately tropical outfit by sultry four, then indeed we may run through the gamut of more consistent latitudes with a calm and secure spirit of superiority. After all, the wrap's the thing in this island, for "how often, oh how often," as Longfellow asks, dare one venture forth in the filmy flimsinesses of summer without a wrap? Yet it is only of late years that we have emerged from the unashamed ugliness of the ulster, the waterproof, or the dust-cloak of British classics. Each year of the last decade, however, has gradually seen the evolution or the butterfly from the chrysalis. This Season's cloaks and wraps are altogether glorified garments, and, whether copied from the newly revived Louis Seize fashions or the Directory or the Empire, are so frankly decorative and becoming that they crown instead of merely covering a costume, and are therefore the ideal wrap arrived at last.

Hats, too, are elegant exceedingly, and for the fountain and centre of millinery inspiration we go to the Maison Lewis, 210, Regent Street, from which our artist has selected the charming model here illustrated, out of many original and exclusive designs by this famous house. Small hats, which never really "caught on" in this country, are giving way to the always



[Copyright.]

A DAINTY SUMMER FROCK OF PINK SILK.

round the front and edge of this garment, which was worn with a shot mauve and white taffetas frock most successfully.

The number of pale-coloured gowns now in the wardrobe of every well-bestowed woman necessarily involves the cleaner's timely aid being frequently invoked, particularly by those who live in smoky, grimy London. So it will interest many wearers of dainty, delicately coloured frocks to know that Mortimer Brothers, of Plymouth, are noted for the low prices charged and efficient renovations of all kinds of garments, from mousseline to tweed.



Dyeing, either wearables or household draperies, is a specialty with the firm, which, besides the chief office at Plymouth, has a London branch at 75, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square; and offices at Bristol, Bournemouth, and other West Country towns. Mortimer Brothers will send and collect articles to be cleaned and dyed and forward them to their works free of charge.

Messrs. Burgess and Sons, Limited, send to anyone minded to receive it a catalogue of their delicacies, which mentions all manner of toothsome specialties, foremost amongst them being essence of anchovies and anchovy paste, of whose manufacture many generations of gourmets have been gratefully cognisant. 107, Strand, London, is one of the few remaining landmarks of an industry that flourished as far back as 1760.



AN ORIENTAL UPRIGHT PIANOFORTE.

The case of the ornate instrument here shown is more elaborately carved than any previously on view in this country. The panels and carving were executed in China, and are claimed to be the finest examples of the art ever seen in this country. The instrument was manufactured by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of Wigmore Street; is a cross-strung Upright Grand; and embodies the latest improvements, including the Brinsmead Sostenente sounding-board, and the Brinsmead perfect check repeater action.

I recommend all people with a palate and the means of gratifying it to visit this head-centre of genuinely British home-made delicatessen.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LADY B. (Simla).—Probably what you suffer from is the effect of climate. I know of nothing better than Rowland's Macassar Oil for preserving, nourishing, and beautifying the hair. It absolutely keeps it in perfect order, and there is not a doubt that it prevents falling-out and baldness.

MABEL.—The dress worn by Miss Ethel Irving in "What Pamela Wanted," and shown in last week's *Sketch*, was made by Martial et Armand, 152, New Bond Street, W.

As was foreshadowed in *The Sketch*, the demand for seats to see "Becket" has proved so great that Sir Henry Irving has resolved to add another week to the two it was originally intended to run, and it is by no means improbable that, instead of four weeks, Sir Henry's tenure of Drury Lane will be extended to six.

In view of the exceedingly interesting nature of the programme for the Conway Benefit, which will include a new one-Act play by Miss Annie Hughes, "His First Love"; the potion scene from "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Evelyn Millard; Mr. George Alexander, in "The Scrupulous Man"; Mr. Tree, in "The Man who Was"; songs and recitations by Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Maurice Farkoa, and Mr. G. P. Huntley, as well as "Shakspeare v. Shaw," with a long list of well-known actors and actresses in the cast, it may be not out of place to remind readers of *The Sketch* that the function is fixed for to-morrow afternoon at the Haymarket Theatre.

Professor Saintsbury is editing, for the Oxford University Press, "The Minor Poets of the Caroline Period," and the first volume will shortly be ready.

During his recent stay in Paris the King was pleased to accept a copy of "Paris in Pen and Picture," published by Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opéra, and written by Mr. John N. Raphael.

We are asked to state that Madame Sobrino is not a new-comer at Covent Garden. Her present association with the Royal Opera is the fifth. Madame Sobrino also still combines with her operatic work numerous oratorio and concert engagements. The well-known singer first studied with Wally Schauseil, a pupil of the old Lamperti, and later on with Lilli Lehmann and Frau Joachim in Berlin. She studied Wagnerian rôles at the Wagner School in Bayreuth.

Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth and Co. send us their latest catalogue, containing full particulars of their various types of machine. With cycling weather fast approaching, many should find this of use. The catalogue in question gives various reasons why the cycle-buyer should choose the Rudge-Whitworth, and illustrates a number of machines and accessories.

The Bayard-Clément motor, recently illustrated in this paper, is known in this country as the Talbot.

All interested in gardening, and more especially in the proper care of the lawn, will be glad to be reminded that Messrs. Ransomes, Sims, and Jefferies, Limited, of Orwell Works, Ipswich, have just issued their motor lawn-mower catalogue for this year. The list of the firm's patrons, which is headed by the King and by no less than four Dukes, is proof enough of the excellence of the machines.

Messrs. Dean & Son, the well-known publishers, of 160A, Fleet Street, have just issued "The Foolish Dictionary," by Gideon Wurdz, a work that will doubtless amuse many readers. Its full title is "The Foolish Dictionary: an Interesting Work of Reference to Uncertain English Words, their Origin, Meaning, Legitimate and Illegitimate Use, Confused by a Few Pictures by Wallace Goldsmith." It is issued at 3s. 6d.

We are informed that the firm of Henri Nestlé, whose milk is a household word in Great Britain, have hit upon a clever device for making their Swiss Milk Chocolate more widely known. In future, there will be placed in every packet retailed in the kingdom a little disc, illustrating important public buildings in London, the best-known battleships of the world, English cathedrals, Japanese Generals, Russian Generals, natural-history subjects, &c. In all there will be seven sets, each consisting of from six to twenty-four different subjects.

To be up-to-date is one of the first principles of modern hotel management. Hence the Hotel Victoria, one of the most comfortable, as it is one of the oldest, of the Gordon hostels, has gone in for a trio of improvements all at once. The coffee-room of old has been transformed into an elegant and spacious lounge, the central ornament of which is a fountain, charmingly designed by Mr. George Tinworth, whose panels in the Guards' Chapel, York Minster, and Wells Cathedral have won him such excellent reputation as a modeller. An admirable orchestra plays during luncheon and dinner in the large and handsome dining-room, which is capable of seating three hundred people at one time. Here may be heard a musical instrument, of zither-like tone and effect, which is new to this country—the ballalika, an imitation of the old Egyptian tambourine, which certainly makes pleasant music. Finally, but by no means least important, there is a new and capital dinner at the inclusive price of five shillings a head, the chief features of which are the special cooking of the majority of the dishes for each diner, and the absence of all charges for "extras," such as attendance and coffee.



A NEW CENTREPIECE FOR THE HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

The trophy here shown was subscribed for by past and present officers of the 1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment, to celebrate the bi-centenary of the regiment. It is thirty-eight inches in height, is of "Edwardian" silver, and was designed and made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 29.*

## IMPROVING MARKETS.

THE cause of the unsatisfactory and depressed markets we have been suffering from has, of course, been the trouble which insiders feared was brewing, and the dread of more than one smash at the account just over. The big failure which came was bad enough, but, as one or two other members who were badly hit have been helped over, the position is much better, and there is reasonable hope of the coming account showing considerable improvement, notwithstanding the fact that it is a long one. It is curious how, when bad markets make their appearance, we are treated to all sorts of pessimistic rumours, and politics are invoked to account for the unsatisfactory state of affairs, when, in four cases out of five, the cause of the trouble is some big operator in deep water, and the fear of what other people he will drag down with him if he goes.

It has long been current talk that the Indian Government intended to exercise their option and take over the Bombay and Baroda Railway, but now formal notice has been given by the Secretary of State. A sum equal to the average market-price of the last three years will be paid, which works out at about £154 15s. per £100 of stock. The South Indian Railway will be the next to go, and then the Indian Midland.

We hear that Liverpool Nitrates are still worth buying. The price has risen to 15½ or thereabouts, but our information is that a return of £3 a share is to be made by way of reduction of capital (which will reduce the cost to, say, £13 net), and that the Company has enough caliche to last for thirty years and, at present prices, to yield profit sufficient to give a return of 28s. or 30s. a year on the reduced share, or over 10 per cent. on the present net cost. Of course, nitrate is a speculative industry; but the information reaches us from a reliable source, and this rate of interest cannot be obtained without some risks—in this case, we think, not excessive.

## CANADIAN PACIFICS.

In falling to the near neighbourhood of 150, Canadian Pacific shares reflected the temper of the American Market far more than any anxiety to sell on the part of shareholders in the Company. Proprietors with whom we come into contact are so convinced of the value of their property that they would not think of selling shares which many declare will reach the round 200 in course of time. To accomplish this feat of price-climbing, the shares must necessarily be helped by a rise in the dividend, and the conservatism of the Canadian Pacific directors is too well known to lead anyone to suppose that an 8 per cent. rate would be declared unless there were every probability of its being regularly maintained. At the present time, the Company pays 6 per cent. on its shares, which, of course, works out to practically 4 per cent. on the money invested, not taking into account the fairly regular bonuses which proprietors receive through allotments of new shares at par. We have good reason to think that an improvement in the dividend to 7 per cent. is in contemplation, and, assuming the price to remain upon a 4 per cent. basis, such a dividend would mean the shares standing at 175. It is quite likely, however, that the 6 per cent. dividend may be maintained for the current half-year, after which an improvement will probably be made unless some unforeseen misadventure happens, so that to buy Canadas now is a lock-up investment, although the quotation will fluctuate for a while in sympathy with American Rails.

## LITTLE TRUNKS AND BIG TRUNKS.

We heard the other day that a proprietor of Grand Trunk Guaranteed stock was much disappointed at finding that the heading on a newspaper placard, "Trunk Mystery," had no connection with his investment. There is, nevertheless, plenty of mystery surrounding the Grand Trunk Market, and the paradoxical movements of its specialities are the weekly source of wonder to those who take any interest in them. Good traffics seem to depress prices: bad ones have a much less ill effect, in proportion. The reason lies in the constant discounting of events that is brought to a fine art in the Trunk Market, where a bull account has been built up which

must prove a thorn in the side of the junior issues for some time to come. So far as the figures are concerned, it would appear from the published traffics that Trunk Thirds stand a far-away chance of getting even their full 4 per cent. dividend for the current year. Only, as we all know, Trunk statistics must be regarded merely as a very rough guide, capable of being used for generalisations, but no good for the purpose of drawing fine conclusions. The First and Second Preferences are already reckoned as secure of their full 5 per cent. dividends, and this opinion can certainly be endorsed. With Thirds it is a different matter, and our own view is that no estimate of any worth can be framed until another two or three months' working shows how the results of the full year are likely to materialise. Trunk Thirds and Ordinary are gambles, holding better prospects to the bulls than to the bears, and the senior stocks can be held as good investments of their various classes.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Quite a long time since we met," announced The Jobber, as he looked round with a beaming smile. "I feel almost inclined to say, 'Here we are again!'"

"All clowns say that," retorted The Broker, languidly superior. "Can't you think of something more original?"

The Banker saved the threatened bloodshed by commenting favourably upon the absence of new gilt-edged issues.

"Theoretically, I rejoice," said The City Editor. "Financially, I weep."

"What for?" asked The Jobber. "Do you get a commission on prospectuses?"

"It must be the warm weather getting into their blood and making them pugnacious," laughed The Engineer.

"But," persisted The Banker, "I am firmly convinced that such restraint upon the part of borrowers is the best possible factor in the investment markets."

"True. How long will the restraint last, though? That is the question, to my mind," The Broker declared.

"Not for long, I fear," answered the old gentleman. "Directly the public exhibit any desire to re-enter the investment markets—"

"Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring!" interjected The Jobber, quite relevantly.

"How about us newspapers?" complained The City Editor.

"You? Oh, find some other way to fill your coffers with artless puffs—"

"Not of the three-cornered jam-tart variety, I trust?" and The Banker leant back again in hearty enjoyment of his jest.

"Order, order!" cried The Engineer. "Shall Apollo descend from Parnassus to bandy quips with members of the Stock Exchange?"

The Banker suddenly became grave. He returned to his *Times*.

"I'd rather be in the Stock Exchange than up Parnassus, anyway," said The Jobber, his tone tinged with argument.

"Because there's more going on in the House, I suppose?"

"That's one reason. Think of the fierce joy of dealing in Americans—"

The Carriage raised its eyebrows, and The Banker laid down his newspaper.

"Thought you were all let in so badly last account?" queried The City Editor. "I said you were in my City article."

"So some of us were, in spite of the City articles," came the enigmatic sarcasm. "I was horribly lucky, though. Didn't lose a cent, and I had an excellent fortnight's business."

"Members ought not to be allowed to gamble on their own account," The City Editor said, severely. "I pointed that out also."

The Broker exclaimed "Pshaw!"

"I went home level every night," was The Jobber's calm reply. "And well it paid me."

"How about Yankees now?"

"It is purely a matter of individual fancy. One man's opinion is as just as another's, and often it's far better."

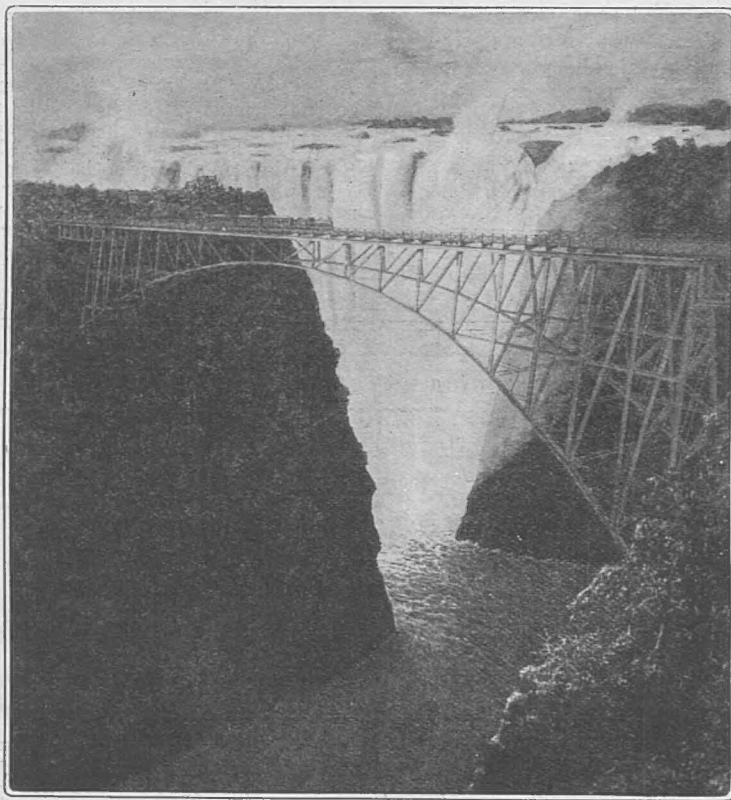
There was murmured applause from The Engineer.

"Has the slump really finished?"

"I doubt it. We have these reactions, and prices look as if they'd reach the new paint on the top of the Monument; but I myself mistrust 'em."

"Without gambling yourself?" demanded The City Editor, narrowly.

"I am 'even' to a share," the defendant stated. "Do you take me for a divinely inspired journalist?"



ZAMBESI BRIDGE, VICTORIA FALLS (AS IT WILL BE WHEN OPEN).



There were again signs of trouble.

"Wish I'd closed my Kaffirs," sighed The Engineer.

"Me, too," added The Merchant, disconsolately.

"You should have closed them when I told everybody to in my City article," The City Editor rebuked them.

"May I humbly ask whether you're a bear of Kaffirs?" inquired The Jobber.

"Good heavens, no! I never speculate."

"Still hold your Chartered?" and The Jobber drew a bow at a venture.

"Oh, yes; and I shall keep them," said The City Editor, innocently admitting the bull's-eye.

Everybody laughed.

"Well, they're investments," explained the holder. "I see nothing to smile at, specially as the things average me something like a fiver."

"The lot, or per share?"

The City Editor kicked The Jobber's shins by way of effective retort.

"You'll never see Chartered at five pounds again," and The Broker nodded his head wisely.

"They don't look unlike going to fifty shillings," The Engineer considered.

"I believe they mean to have Rhodesians better, and Kaffirs, too. But I won't buy Bankets for nuts," and The Broker smote his paper emphatically.

"You couldn't," said the Jobber.

"Couldn't what?"

"Buy Bankets for nuts. Nor apples. Nor toff—"

"No, let him stay a bit longer," pleaded The Engineer, in response to demands for The Jobber's enforced absence.

"Kaffirs have made so many false starts that we are simply afraid to put our clients into them," complained The Broker.

"A South African stockbroker was telling me the other day that Transvaal Coal Trusts are one of the cheapest things out there," The Merchant observed.

"So I've been told," The Engineer confirmed. "To put away, I believe they are really cheap."

"Mixed with Robinson Central Deep and Glen Deep, they make a very respectable holding," said The Broker.

"Haven't Bankets had a jump?" remarked The Engineer, admiringly. "I always said they would come out on top."

"No," replied The Jobber; "you state the proposition incorrectly. The public will go in on top, but the shares won't come out there. I know a better way of saving money."

"Oh, tell us! tell us!" cried The Carriage, mockingly, as The Jobber rose to go. "How shall we save our money?"

"Bank-it," was the prompt, farewell reply.

#### "THE MINING MANUAL."

Mr Walter Skinner has just issued his "Mining Manual" for 1905, which remains in the same form as usual, but the information is, of course, brought up to date, and, as far as we can judge by a hasty glance through its pages, is accurate and full. The number of Companies dealt with does not appear to be much larger than in the last year's volume, for the additional pages devoted to the subject amount to less than fifty, and are followed by an excellent list of mining directors, secretaries, and mining engineers which enables the investor to see at a glance the group to which any property belongs. We could wish that the crushing returns were put together with ruled lines, so that it would be easier to follow the yield of a particular Company across the page; and why the Rhodesian returns are brought up to the end of February 1905, while the Westralian yields stop short with December 1904, we do not know. The book is certainly full of information and invaluable to every mining investor.

Saturday, May 13, 1905.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

A CONSTANT READER.—The two stocks you name are very good, and, in our opinion, not too speculative. Why not also buy St. James's and Pall Mall, or Westminster Electric Lights and River Plate Gas?

W. T.—Thanks for your letter, which we have answered. Write and ask the Secretary as to the accumulations in hand and see what he says.

EAGER.—This answer will appear too late, we fear. Certainly take up your new shares, as they will give you a profit.

R. R.—There certainly is danger of default. Probably even the directors do not know if they can arrange to meet the coupon. The only thing certain is that the line, with its existing rates, is not earning enough to pay. You had better communicate with the Committee of Bondholders.

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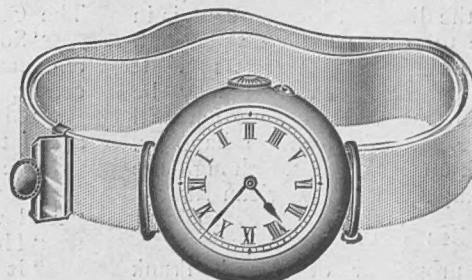
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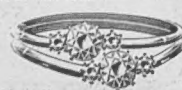
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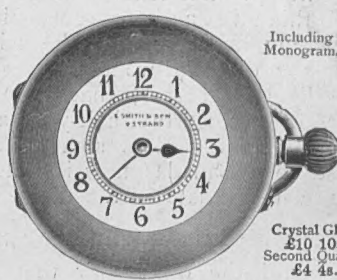
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